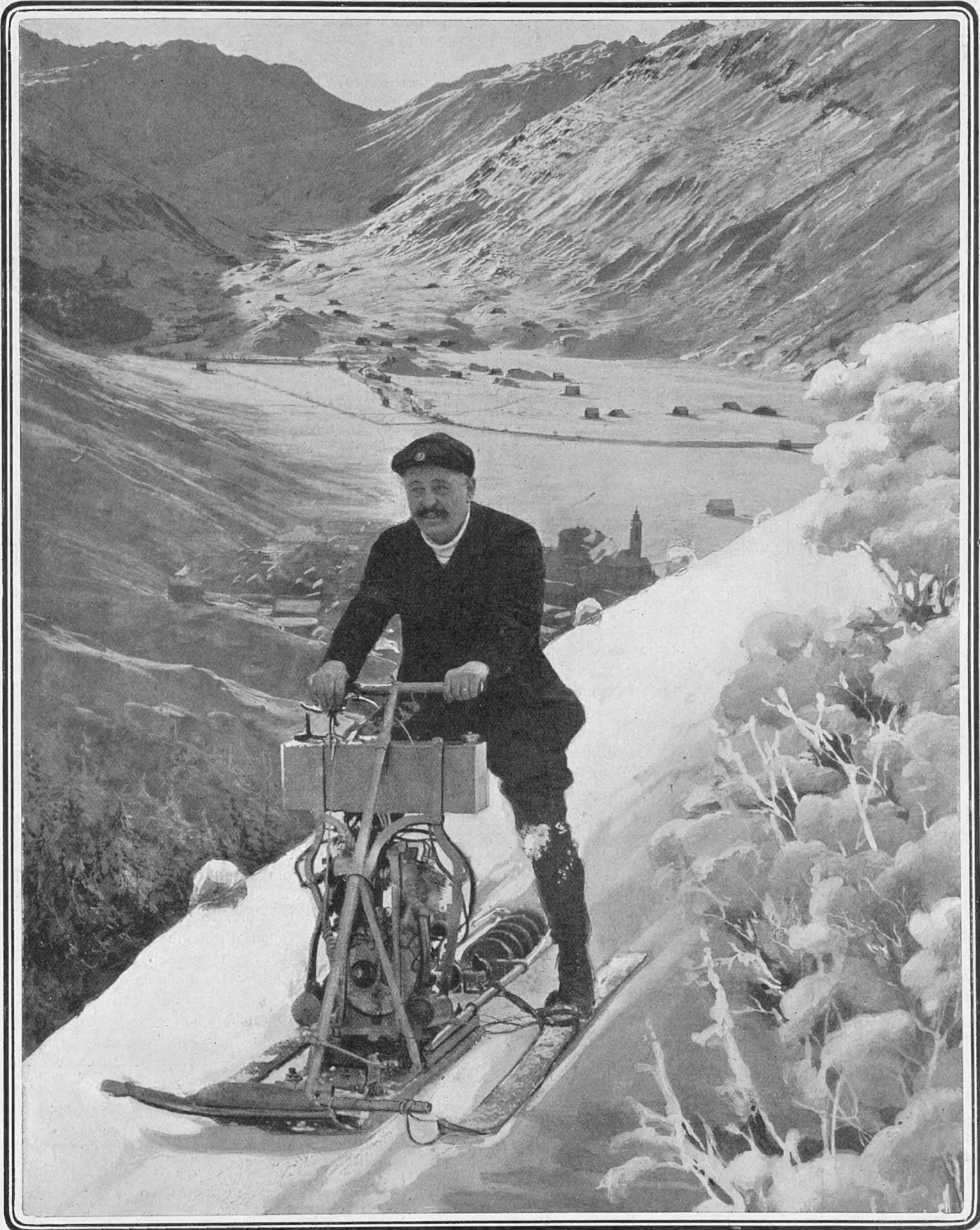


The Sketch

No. 887.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



NO MORE CRAB OR HERRING-BONE! M. BARLET AND HIS MOTOR FOR TAKING HIM UPHILL ON HIS SKIS.

In a recent number of "The Sketch" we illustrated various methods of ascending steep slopes on skis without the aid of any mechanical power. These methods are called the herring-bone step, the half herring-bone step, the "crab" step, for climbing sideways, and the "stair" step, for very steep slopes. These methods may now be superseded by M. Barlet's amusing motor device.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau and Shepstone.]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

On Leaving
Paris.

By the time these lines are in print, as one says, I hope to be back in London. Yes, I hope to be back in London. Paris, as all the world knows, has many advantages over London. The air is lighter and more exhilarating. On the other hand, the champagne is horribly sweet. The French smile easily. On the other hand, they do not always smile sincerely. It is infinitely nicer to sit outside a café than to be dragged into a bar. On the other hand, club life, as we know it in London, is practically non-existent. Cigars are cheap. On the other hand, you cannot smoke them. The Parisians make tremendous efforts to cater for the seeker after a life of pleasure. On the other hand, their efforts are so desperate that they often fail. The Grands Boulevards are more spacious and make a braver appeal to the eye than the Strand. On the other hand, they are a series of gigantic puddles in moist weather. In Paris, you are not compelled to force your weary body into severe clothes if you go to a theatre. On the other hand, you are robbed from the moment you get in sight of the theatre until you are half a mile away from it. Here are a few points, for and against, of which one thinks at the moment. When I add that one's interests and the majority of one's friends are in London, I think I have justified the use of the word "hope."

At the Comédie
Française.

I am told that we are to have a National Theatre in England. I have been told this so often during the last ten or twelve years that I begin to disbelieve it. All the same, if the English National Theatre ever comes, I hope the directors of that theatre will make it their aim, their humble ambition, their constant prayer, to get within a few miles of the artistic perfection attained by the Comédie Française. I have never seen a play mounted and acted with a finer, truer sense of what one calls atmosphere than M. Henri Lavedan's "Sire," for instance. Happily enough, it is unlikely that the play will ever be bungled into English, for the feeling of the story is purely French. So you will understand, friend the reader, that you must come to Paris and see it in the original. Two performances, I think, will astonish you by their merit (loathsome word). The first is the Denis Roulette of M. Félix Huguenet. Here, if you like, is an amazing person. A romantic comedian of the very first rank. Of course, the part is magnificent; Denis Roulette, in the jargon of the stage, has got it all. But how he plays! The lightness of him! The charm of him! The subtle humour of him! The intelligence of him! And, when it is necessary, the pathos of him! The Comédie Française has found a rare actor, even for that distinguished house, in Félix Huguenet. And the other performance that will delight you is that of Mlle. Leconte.

"A Study of Men
and Things."

One of the most valued contributors to a distinguished French daily newspaper has been in England, making "an exhaustive study of men and things." The readers of the distinguished daily newspaper are now getting the full benefit of this exhaustive study. They have learnt, in the first place, that the distinguishing characteristic of the Englishman is an effeminate passion for pretty clothes. They have also learnt that the time to see the aristocratic young Englishman at his very best is on Sunday, when the aristocratic young Englishman goes "up to the river." (This priceless phrase is given in English.) Further, they have learnt that the old English custom of telling naughty stories after dinner, so soon as the ladies have retired to the drawing-room, and drinking strong drinks to excess, is quite dead. "You will be astonished," cries our well-informed contributor, "when I tell you what

happens. When the ladies have retired, the men merely refresh themselves with a glass or two of mild claret!" The italics and the note of exclamation are his own. He deserves them. I should like to know very much into whose hands he fell during his exhaustive study of men and things. I would have given much to have accompanied him "up to the river," to have seen him gape at the young English aristocrats "at their best" in Molesey Lock.

My Barber on the
Elections.

My little barber, whom I am really loth to leave, has been giving me his opinions on the political situation in England. "If the Conservatives are in the most," he says, "there will be much of sadness in Germany. In France, you see, we do not so much mind this reforming of your tariff, but in Germany it is a thing very different. But I do not think it that the Conservatives will get in this time. The next time, pee'raps, but not this time. It takes too much of time for the English people to make up their minds in a hurry; is it not? For instance, I say to you that you will pee'raps 'ave your 'air cut to-day, no? And before your mind is made up I am beginning to cut 'im, and then it is too late to make the change. It is always the same with the English people. The Frenchman, he make up his mind in a hurry. Very often he is sorry afterwards that he make it up quick, but there is it. As for the Spaniard, my compatriot, he do not make it up at all. There is a little place I know where all the day the man he do not work at all. You see him all smoking cigarette and hang about. But at night, when the peoples is in bed, then he making much money. Contraband tobacco, whisky, all such stuff! It is a splendid place! I wish I could afford to live there! Some day, pee'raps! . . . A little of the vinegar on the face—no?"

Specimen Chapter from

THE VADE-MECUM OF THE ENGLISH RESIDENT
IN PARIS.

VIII.—YOUR CONCIERGE.

Q. What is a concierge?

A. The curse of Paris.

Q. Who is the curser of Paris?

A. The concierge.

Q. What are the duties of a concierge?

A. To keep a mental record of your in-goings and out-comings, and the in-goings and the out-comings of your friends. To give easy access to your *appartement* to robbers, assassins, and spongers. At the same time, to show a certain regard for your property by getting as much of it as he can for himself. To inspect your letters, and to deliver them or keep them back a few days at his own sweet will. To levy tribute on all the tradespeople with whom you deal, and to get his washing done for nothing by the laundress he chooses to recommend.

Q. What is the effect on a concierge of a *pourboire*?

A. This depends upon the amount, of course. For twenty francs he will smile at you (until he thinks another twenty has fallen due); for ten francs you may buy a curt nod; for five francs a surly look that freezes the blood.

Q. Has the concierge any good points at all?

A. None whatever.

Q. Has he a wife?

A. As a rule—unfortunately.

Q. Is the wife better or worse than the husband?

A. Infinitely worse.

Q. Why, then, is the system maintained?

A. Because the French have discontinued the breed of Jeannes d'Arc.

THE WIVES OF SOME NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.



1. THE HON. MRS. GERVASE BECKETT (WHITEY
DIVISION OF YORKSHIRE).
2. MRS. CARR-GOMM (ROTHERHAM).
3. THE COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY (HORNSEY).

4. LADY BULL (HAMMERSMITH).
5. HON. MRS. GRETTON (RUTLAND).
6. MRS. J. H. DUNCAN OTLEY DIVISION OF YORK-
SHIRE).

7. MRS. CHALONER (ABERCROMBY DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL).
8. MRS. H. M. JESSEL (SOUTH ST. PANCRA'S).
9. MRS. HARMOOD-BANNER (EVERTON DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL).
10. MRS. HOWELL-DAVIES (SOUTH BRISTOL).

In previous numbers we have given portraits of the wives of candidates in the General Election. We now give a page of portraits of ladies well known in the world of politics whose husbands have been elected to the new Parliament. As before, the name of her husband's constituency is placed in brackets after the name of each lady.

Photographs No. 1 by Val L'Esrange; 2, 5, and 9, by Swaine; 3, by Rita Martin; 6, by Macnaughten; 7, by Thomson; and 8, by Keturah Collings.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD: BEARING UP AGAINST MISFORTUNE.

THE RISING OF THE SEINE: BEAR-PITS FLOODED IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES AT PARIS.



WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE! BRUIN, EMERGING FROM HIS DEN, LOOKS SURPRISED.



TOO MUCH IN THEIR ELEMENT: POLAR BEARS FIND THE SITUATION BECOMING UNPLEASANTLY DAMP.

Half France, it is said, is under water, owing to the recent floods. Many rivers have overflowed their banks. The Seine at Paris rose nearly a foot and a half in twenty-four hours, and is causing serious anxiety in low-lying parts of the city. Among other effects of the flood, the bear-pits in the Jardin des Plantes were covered with water, with results amusing, perhaps, to the spectators, but inconvenient, if not dangerous, to the furry inhabitants below. Firemen have been at work with pumps to save the animals from drowning.—[Photographs by Topical.]

EXPERT IN THE HUMANITIES.



A MODERN PORTIA: MISS ANNESLEY KENEALY, WHO CONDUCTED HER OWN CASE AGAINST LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.

Miss Annesley Kenealy, whose unsuccessful action against Lord Northcliffe and the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., for alleged wrongful dismissal from the staff of the "Daily Mail," aroused so much interest and caused so much amusement, was described by Lord Northcliffe in the course of the proceedings as "a clever daughter of one of the cleverest men of the legal profession, and about as clever a lady lawyer as you will get in these courts." She is a daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, who was one of the counsel engaged in the famous Tichborne case, and a sister of Dr. Arabella Kenealy, the well-known lady doctor and novelist. Our photograph shows Miss Annesley Kenealy leaving the court during the luncheon interval.—[Photograph by L. N. A.]

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Cricketers' Almanack, 1910. Edited by

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"THE STAGE."

The Stage Cyclopaedia of Plays. Edited

by R. Clarence.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-eight (from Oct. 13, 1909, to Jan. 5, 1910) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

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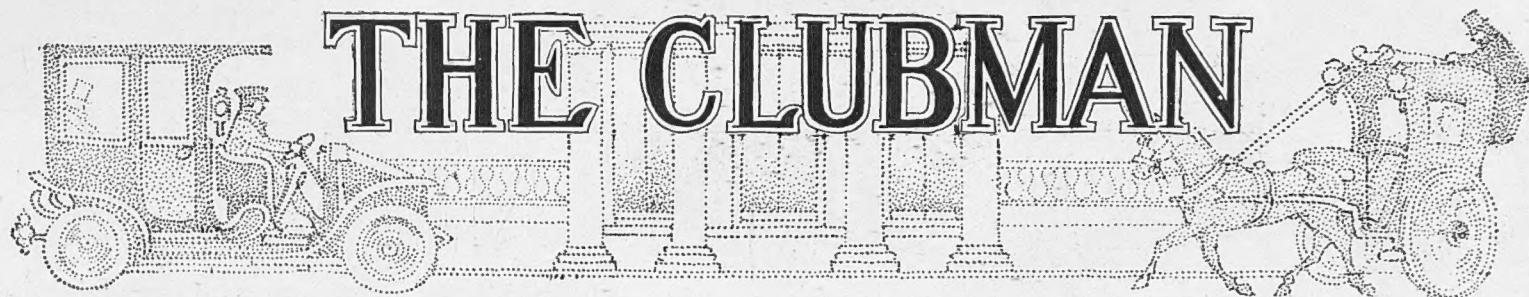
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In Clubland. The newest of all the London clubs is beginning to show above ground. The steel girders which are to support the face of the Royal Automobile Club are in position, and the framework will soon grow up like a spider's web out of the vast chasm in the ground which the workmen have been making for so many months. There is to be almost as much of this,

the greatest of all modern clubs, below the ground as above, but it was not until this month that the passer-by could see the club taking shape, and filling up the great gap left by the disappearance of the old War Office. One of the oldest of the London clubs is also in the builders' hands. The Conservative finds that it must move with the times, and that it must provide bed-rooms for its members; and up on the top of the stately building there is now a long shelter, beneath which the bed-rooms are being made. There can be no doubt that these rooms will be a welcome addition to the club, and will not be like that yellow marble with which the whole of the Conservative was panelled, and which the members found that they did not like when it was in position and paid for.

Resignation of Members.

Nothing quite so revolutionary as this building of bed-rooms at the Conservative has been done in the world of old-fashioned clubs since the Athenæum discovered that smoking was not sinful, and, to make space for a smoking-room, added another storey to the Grecian temple which stands in Pall Mall and faces the home of the Generals. There are very few of the older clubs which have not started the year with a very appreciable loss of members. The activities of the Liberal Government in finding sources of revenue have generally been

pleaded as an excuse by the men who have cut down the number of their clubs. In many cases where a man has belonged to three clubs he now belongs only to two, and the club from which he has resigned is always the club which has the fewest modern attractions. The club which is just simply a social meeting-place is generally the club which loses the banking orders and the members. I asked an old Colonel the other day in one of the military clubs when he thought the committee would introduce a Hungarian band to play at dinner-time. His indignation was so great that he nearly had a fit, yet the clubs, unless they wish their dining-rooms to be empty, will have to find some way of entering into rivalry with the restaurants. Men who are going to the theatre dine early at their clubs because they get their dinner quickly served there, but after eight o'clock most of the dining-rooms in Clubland contain only that

An Outspoken Preacher.

The Rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, in New York, has been moved to utter words of rebuke from the pulpit to those of his congregation who come into church after the service has begun. St. George's is the church attended by the greater number of the New York millionaires, those who go to church at all, and the millionaires are special offenders in this matter. It is rarely that a divine has to talk to his congregation as to their habit of going late to church, but many eloquent men have rebuked those who sit under them for going out before the sermon. The merchants of Calcutta go to the beautiful white Gothic Cathedral which stands on the edge of the Maidan very regularly on Sunday mornings, but on very hot days they find that it is trying to sit out a sermon. When Bishop Welldon used to preach in Calcutta he considered it a poor compliment to the (really excellent) discourses he pronounced that an appreciable section of his congregation did not wait to hear them. He gave orders that the doors of the cathedral should be locked until the close of the service.

The merchants resented this and pointed out that they were not boys at Harrow to be treated in this manner. I believe that, finally, the doors were left open, but that most of those who had been in the habit of leaving too early stayed to be edified by the Bishop's discourse. To be in church in time is a matter of courtesy to the clergy and the rest of the congregation, not to put the matter on a higher plane, just as to be in one's seat at the theatre before the curtain rises is a compliment to actors and the rest of the audience. I have often wondered that actors have not protested against the talking and the slamming-down of seats and the shuffling of boots which disturb the early minutes of a play; but an actor is supposed not to be aware of the existence of an audience, whereas a clergyman is in the midst of his flock, and is entitled to be conscious of their behaviour.



THE RUMOURED ENGAGEMENT OF THE IMPERIALIST CLAIMANT TO THE FRENCH THRONE AND THE LATE KING LEOPOLD'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.

Rumour has it that Prince Victor Napoleon is to marry Princess Clementine of Belgium before long. The Prince, who is forty-eight, has lived in Brussels for a considerable time. He is very wealthy, and it is believed that the greater part of the Empress Eugénie's fortune will go to him.

Photograph by Oricelly.



THE RUMOURED ENGAGEMENT OF THE IMPERIALIST CLAIMANT TO THE FRENCH THRONE AND THE LATE KING LEOPOLD'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF BELGIUM.

The question of a wedding between Princess Clementine and Prince Victor Napoleon was mooted five years ago, but was vetoed by King Leopold. Since then the possibility of an engagement has been mentioned several times. Again rumour is in the air, and this time it would seem to be justified. Princess Clementine is thirty-seven.



GEORGE II. (OF TONGA) MARRIES: THE KING AND HIS BRIDE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

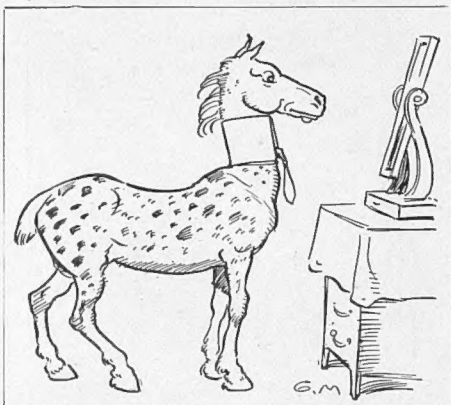
George II., King of Tonga, in the Friendly Islands, was married the other day to Princess Aua Sotui Takibo, amidst great rejoicings. The new Queen is sixteen. King George, who was born in June 1874, succeeded his great-grandfather on the throne in 1893. His first marriage (to Lavinia) took place in June 1899.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

A GOOD deal of fuss is still being made about the old fire-engine horse which used to put on its own collar. It was a praiseworthy act, no doubt, but the animal never had to scabble about the floor on a dark morning looking for a patent collar-stud.



Why cannot real life be more original? The ex-Sultan of Morocco, Abdul Aziz, lost the pawn-ticket for the jewels which he pledged in Paris, and all Europe was upset. Considering that at this time of the year there is hardly a pantomime during the

course of which some Sultan, Shah, or Emperor of China does not mislay the pawn-ticket for the treasures he has placed in the hands of Abanazar or Wun-lung, Abdul Aziz might at least have waited until the summer.

And it is no excuse for him that he has found the ticket. The low comedian always does keep the gallery in fits of laughter while he hunts for the missing pasteboard in the depths of his capacious trouser-pockets.

The smart young married women in America no longer wear their wedding-rings, as it is so "ordinary." Moreover, those that are worn are very slender. This is a laudable sign of economy. It is no use buying a heavy wedding-ring if you are going to get a divorce in a year or two.

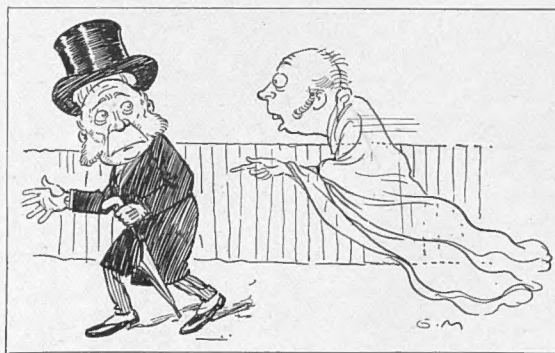
SELF-HAUNTED.

(The strange case of a man being haunted by his own ghost is reported by the *Daily Mail* from St. Petersburg.)

It's a terrible thing to feel a ghost
Parading about the room;
Not one of the sort that sits on a post,
Eating a slice of hot buttered toast,
But a really transparent family ghost,
That comes to pronounce your doom.

But it's far, far worse when the family ghost
Refuses to quit its shelf,
And you find that your hair grows suddenly white,
And looks like a porcupine's quills with fright,
Because you're a weird, unmannerly sprite,
And have taken to haunt yourself.

So be warned by the fate of a Russian swell,
Who has simply asked for trouble,
For he owns a name that I cannot spell,
And a quite superfluous wraith as well
(Does this foolishly reckless Russian swell),
That's known as an "astral double."



The new inland lake which has just been discovered in East Africa, and contains about thirty square miles of soda-water, will for the future be known as Lake Syphon. The companion lake, which must be somewhere in the neighbourhood, is now the object of eager search.

past the Suffragette stage of civilisation.

Belying her name, a servant named Susan Angell has been sentenced to two months' hard labour for assaulting her mistress with a red-hot poker. That comes of stopping on for the harlequinade.

MARRIAGE BY CONTRARIES.

(An American lady says that young Englishmen are too much worshipped by their mothers and sisters, but that, on the other hand, American men are a shade too meek with their wives, sweet-hearts, and daughters.)

PART I.

In England man is lord of all,
And rules his womenkind:
His mother's at his beck and call,
His sisters walk behind.

PART II.

In Yankeeland, where women rule,
It's quite the other way,
And man is a good-natured fool,
Whose duty 'tis to pay.

MORAL.

And that is why an Englishman
Admires a Yankee wife,
And Englishwomen give the Yan-
kee men a quiet life.



A medicine-man says that stockings are very unhygienic, but that it will take two hundred years to accustom women to doing without them. It seems a pity to waste so much time to accomplish so little.

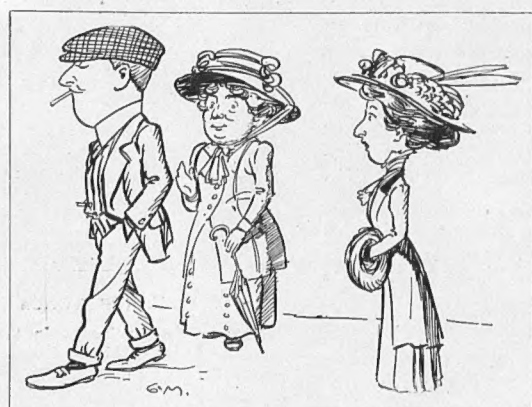
In this connection, the headline, "Hose for a Suffragette," would seem to imply that one of the advanced ladies had already begun to leave off stockings, and had been forcibly supplied with them by the authorities.

The Germans are sending an advance-party to Spitzbergen to study the proposed starting-point for their Arctic expedition by air-ship. At last we shall learn something of that elusive Dr. Cook.

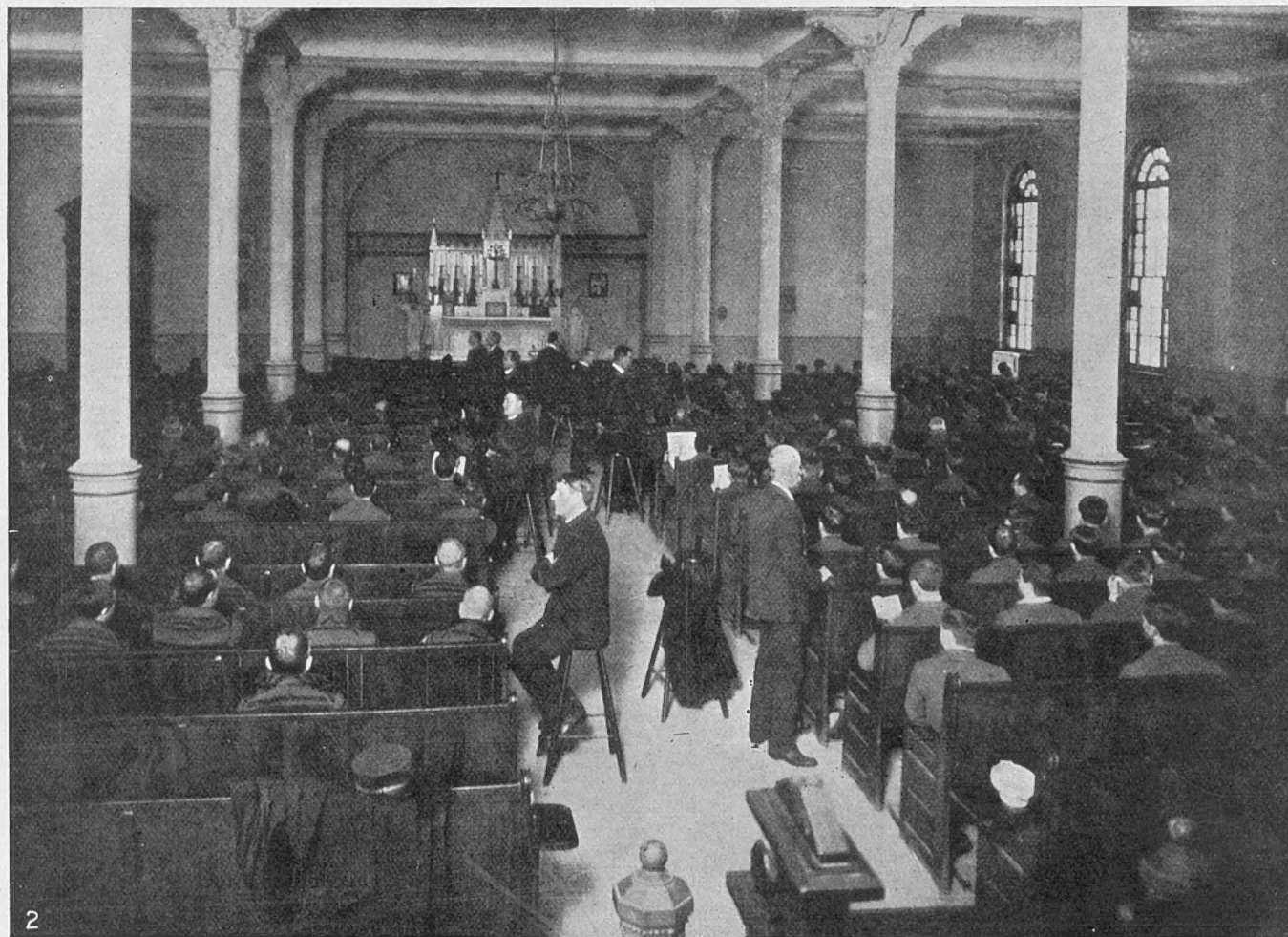
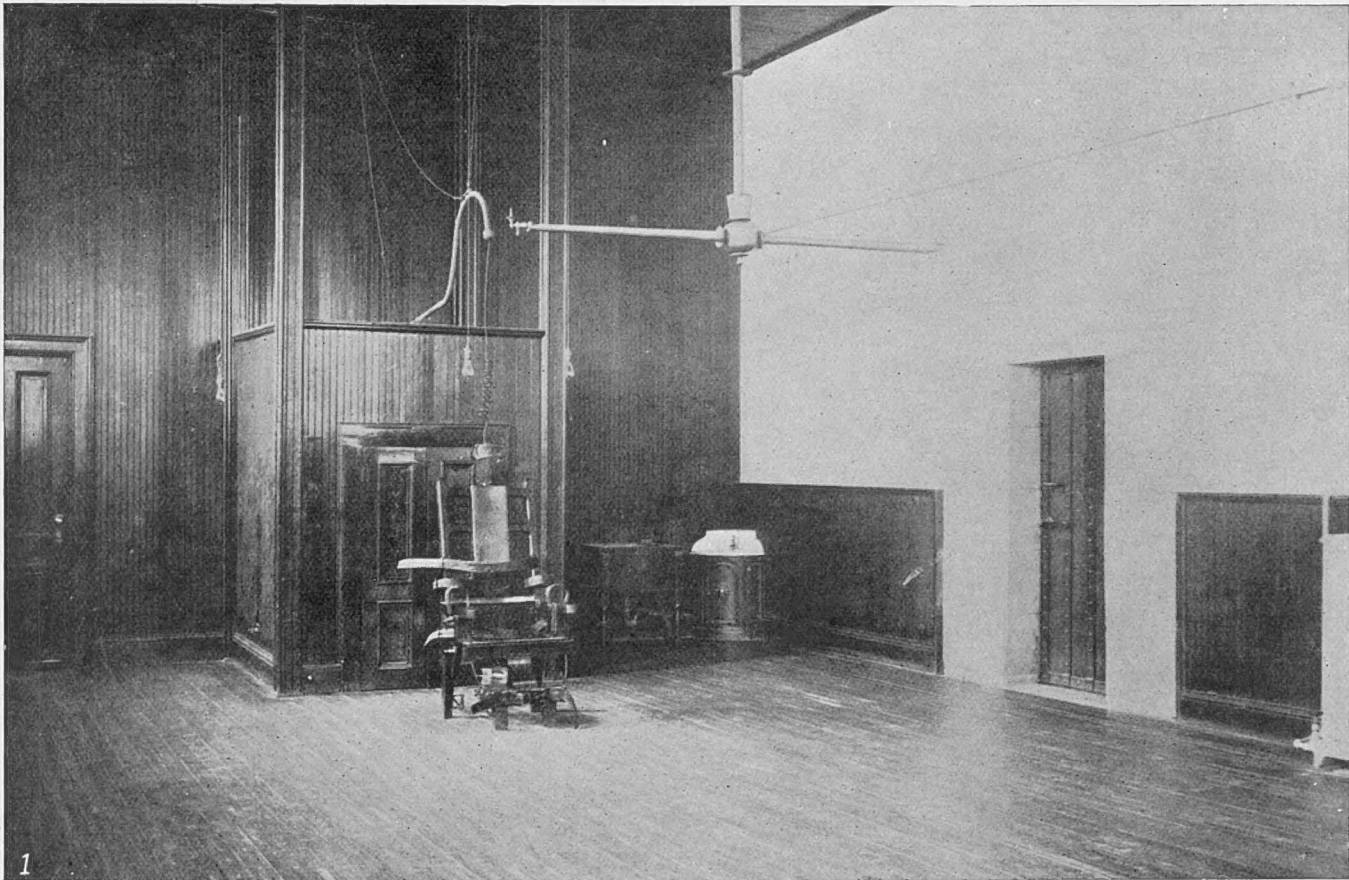
The new colours—burnt-bread, elephant-grey, Thames-grey, twilight-pink, hanneton-brown, autumn-purple, ashes-of-roses, flame-hue, and aviation-blue—are all to be fashionable this spring. It is safe to say that the mere man will continue to be quite colour-blind to all these tints, and will sum them all up as a "dirty sort of colour." But mustard-zephyr ought to irritate him.

Mr. John Galsworthy says, in his picturesque way, that in a bad piece the characters come to untimely grief, and that their ghosts stride on, squeaking and gibbering through the play. And yet actors used to say that no play could be a good one in which the ghost did not walk.

Mr. Hill says that the male ant has no memory, and without the assistance of the female would be unable to find his way back to the nest. The ants, you will observe, have long since got



IN SING-SING: THE DEATH-CHAMBER AND THE CHAPEL IN THE PRISON.



1. INSIDE THE DEATH-CHAMBER, SHOWING THE CHAIR IN WHICH THE CONDEMNED ARE ELECTROCUTED.

2. IN THE CHAPEL, SHOWING ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVICTS ASSEMBLED FOR MASS, AND THE WAY IN WHICH THEY ARE WATCHED BY WARDERS.

As a sequel to our illustrations of last week, we give these two photographs. With regard to the first, it may be said that the narrow iron door on the right of the death-chamber is that through which the condemned comes from the adjoining cell, in which he is confined from the time of sentence to the time of execution. The chair in which the electrocutions take place is also shown. The straps that hold the body, the arms, and the legs are prominent, as is the cap-shaped electrode (just below the spiral coil), which is placed on the man's head. Of the second illustration, it may be pointed out that the warders occupy high chairs in the nave and sit in such a manner that they look along lines of prisoners.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]



SMALL TALK



THE clubs, the restaurants, and the theatres have been provided as never before with the news of the polls. The clubman, of course, has the best of it, and no clubman has had a more exciting time than the members of the National Liberal.

The winning crowd is always the most exhilarating, and when it is also an anxious crowd it is yet more amusing to be in the midst of it. Sir George Lewis has profited by his late retirement from Ely Place, and by his still later election to the National Liberal, to be a very constant and tensely interested observer of the Club's tapes.

The Fortitude of Election Fights. There is something heroic in Lord and Lady Lansdowne's placidity in

The authorities would not allow of its being put alongside the postal stamp, and so you stick it on the back of your envelope instead, to show that your penny has been subscribed to a philanthropic fund. The Tea Shop, too, goes merrily on, and is very happy to think that Lady Aberdeen will keep in touch with it by taking a permanent house in the Dublin where, by the class that counts, she is little less than adored.

A Royal Academician.

It has sometimes been suggested that if the King, who keeps a keen eye on contemporary art, had a vote at the Burlington House elections, the constitution of the Royal Academy would meet with a more general approval. And

now it really looks as if his Majesty's preferences

had carried weight. The election of that admirable battle-painter, M. Edouard Detaille, to the rank of Hon. Foreign Academician is just such a one as he most approves. M. Detaille is privileged among French painters in being the King's guide to the galleries during his Majesty's visits to Paris.

Life's Little Ironies.

There is a certain irony in the fact that Lord Derwent is one of a few peers who takes his title from a river. Neither Derwent's, nor any other water, flowed fast enough, or was wet enough, last week to put out the fire at Hackness Hall. Lord Derwent, besides being eighty-one, is an invalid, and he may be excused if he found no consolation in the spectacle of towering flames and columned smoke that thrilled the countryside.

Disorderly Whiskers.

Lady Marjorie Coke, in promising her hand to Mr. North Dalrymple Hamilton, forges another link between her family and the Scots Guards. Her fiancé, who is the son of a

soldier, held a commission in that regiment, and her father, the Earl of Leicester, was Colonel of the 2nd Battalion. Tall and active, Lord Leicester still looks the first-class fighting-man of Victorian times. Though he has dropped his regimentals, he persists in the military side-whiskers that Pall Mall now considers disorderly, but once demanded in, or on, an officer and a gentleman. Needless to say that Lady Marjorie's engagement has created some interest at Court, if only because Lady Katharine Coke has become part and parcel (if the expression may pass) of the Prince and Princess of Wales's Household.



WIFE OF THE CREATOR OF "RAFFLES".
MRS. E. W. HORNUNG.

Mrs. Hornung, whose marriage took place in 1893, was Miss Constance Doyle, daughter of the late Charles Altamont Doyle, and granddaughter of John Doyle.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

ment of greatest excitement for a long deferred visit to Derreen, their place in Kerry, where Lady Lansdowne, as the encourager of cottage industries, comes into touch with the peasant. But Kerry is far from Lansdowne House, and from the newspaper-vendors who make the London midnight hideous with their cries; and news travels thither with conservative deliberation. Even telegrams never seem to hurry. Lord and Lady Iveagh have also been in Ireland, but with less fortitude, Lord Iveagh speeding back to these shores to be in the thick of the mêlée only a day or two after he left them. Lady Lansdowne was out of earshot even of her brother, Lord Claud Hamilton's polling results. Very different was the eagerness of another sister as to a brother's fate. In the roaring crowd in Trafalgar Square on the first night of the election results, Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes awaited the news from Salford, and when it came she was rewarded, for the crowd raised a cry of "Hip, Hip, Hilaire!"

The Aberdeens.

Lady Aberdeen, whether

or not that great, brave woman, returns to Dublin Castle after the General Election (and it is rumoured that Lord Aberdeen will not take office again when it is offered) is characteristically intent upon maintaining her charitable connection with Ireland. She has had a hard fight to establish her kindly enterprises in a city given over to factions and prejudices, and the coldnesses of the Castle party have been as trying as the difficulties put in her way by misunderstanding Nationalists. But she has won all along the line. That excellent device, the charity stamp, now sticks to everything.



LORD ANGLESEY'S YOUNGER SISTER:
LADY BEATRICE HERBERT.

Lady Beatrice Herbert, sister of Lord Anglesey and of Viscountess Ingestre, married Captain Lord Herbert, eldest son of Lord Pembroke, in 1904.—*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



A SISTER-IN-LAW OF LORD LECONFIELD: THE HON. MRS. EDWARD WYNDHAM.

Mrs. Wyndham is a daughter of Mr. Fitzroy J. W. Farquhar. Her husband is brother to Lord Leconfield, and a nephew of Lord Rosebery. The wedding took place a couple of years ago.—*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*



ENGAGED TO THE HON. GEORGE BAMPFYLDE: MISS CYNTHIA LASCELLES. Miss Lascelles is the only daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles, of the King's House, Lyndhurst. Mr. Bampfylde is the eldest son of Lord Poltimore.

Photograph by Lafayette.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ORMONDE: LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.

Lady Constance is just over thirty. Her sister, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, wife of the famous General, is three years older.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

JOSEPH THE SECOND: MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND GRANDSON: MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND HER SON,
JOSEPH AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

In Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, *née* Miss Ivy Dundas, the great leader and prophet of the Tariff Reform movement has a daughter-in-law after his own heart. "Mrs. Austen," as she is familiarly known to her friends, is devoted heart and soul to the cause championed by her father-in-law, and she has become very popular among the younger political hostesses in Society. It is pleasant to think that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has the joy of having a grandson; till the birth of Mrs. Austen Chamberlain's little boy, two years ago last October, he had no direct descendant in the second generation, save little Miss Richards. Master Chamberlain is supposed to be very like his famous grandfather, and to share his striking resemblance to Pitt.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

HIS MAJESTY is to be a bidder at Christie's. He will not be present in person in the King Street rooms, but his desire is to possess mementos of his particular friend, the late Mr. Montagu Guest, whose effects are to be sold by auction. During his visit to Brighton the King visited the house so suddenly bereaved of its owner two months ago, and there he noted the things that he most cares to own. His Majesty has almost as many friends who are commoners as those who are noble; but it would be hard to name one who exactly fills the place held over a long stretch of years by Mr. Guest.



ENGAGED TO MR. NORTH DALRYMPLE HAMILTON: LADY MARJORIE COKE.

Lady Marjorie Coke is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, who succeeded his father last year. Mr. North Dalrymple Hamilton, to whom she is engaged, was formerly in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by Lafayette.

shirt and silver-blue wideawake. With the competent manners of a thorough sportswoman, and a marvellous capacity for covering the many miles of her husband's estate, she will be delighted to introduce the royal party to the countryside in general. Another East African habitué is Lord Hindlip, whose estate in the Dark Continent yields, we hope, a better profit than his much-discussed holding in tidy little England.

Lady Plymouth's Bed. The Countess, like the Earl of Plymouth, has always taken a more than cursory interest in the arts. But now she has established something of a record. It is easy, at a pinch, to make a bed; she has made a bedstead.



A PRETTY GREAT-NIECE OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON: MISS ELEANOR THERESA MONTGOMERIE.

Miss Eleanor Theresa Montgomerie is a daughter of Lady Sophia Montgomerie, whose father was the fourteenth Earl of Eglinton and Winton, and whose uncle is the present Earl. It is hardly necessary to say that Miss Montgomerie is very fond of dogs.—*[Photograph by Val F. Strange.]*

The Patricians.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia—especially with Princess Patricia—have gone to find big game in East Africa. They will also, in all probability, find Lady Delamere. She is quite a brilliant figure, even amid the gaudy vegetation of Mom-basa, in her khaki



FAMED FOR WALPOLE WIT AND HER OWN REMINISCENCES: LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who is a daughter of the third Earl of Orford, has all the keen wit of the Walpoles, and has written some delightful books of reminiscences. She is still amazingly like the portrait Watts painted of her more than fifty years ago. As befits a friend of Lord Beaconsfield, she is a Tory of the old school, and with her daughter, Miss Meresia Nevill, a moving spirit of the Primrose League, is deeply interested in the General Election.—*[Photograph by Thomson.]*

And there it is in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery, richly carved and gaily painted—not, it is true, by her own hand, but catalogued under her name as being of her own design and planning. Frankly, at first sight, the thing, with its prickly wooden leaves and wide-eyed wooden owls at the head, is suggestive of insomnia; but Lady Plymouth's best answer to such criticism is to sleep soundly o' nights in it when she gets it back to St. Fagans Castle. She is determined to take the

consequences of the most threatening and most popular of proverbs. She has made her bed and she means to lie in it.

Leading Society a Dance.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson has been loyally and loudly supported by her friends at the Palace. Lady Maud Warrender was there among the rest, and, understanding as she does the trials of public performance, she gave a sympathetic shudder when the fair dancer momentarily lost her way in front of the curtain, being obliged to grope for the exit before withdrawing from the public gaze. Among others who hastened to see Lady Constance were Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, the Hon. Sidney Greville, and Lord Herbert, all of whom were lunching or dining with the King on the eve of Lady Constance's appearance. The King did not leave his own palace for the one in Shaftesbury Avenue, but he was not without his special reporters.

The Canon's Preference.

Canon Lyttelton prefers a basket of blind kittens to the Liberal Cabinet, and quite candidly tells us so. Of course this profession of political faith will not delight all Etonians. Winston himself hails from Harrow, but his one-time secretary, Mr. Crawshay Williams, who is the new member for Leicester, won his particular Waterloo of last week on the playing-fields of Eton. And many other "Eton boys grown heavy" marvel afresh at the Canon's preferences. Let them be comforted by remembering that Mr. Balfour, not

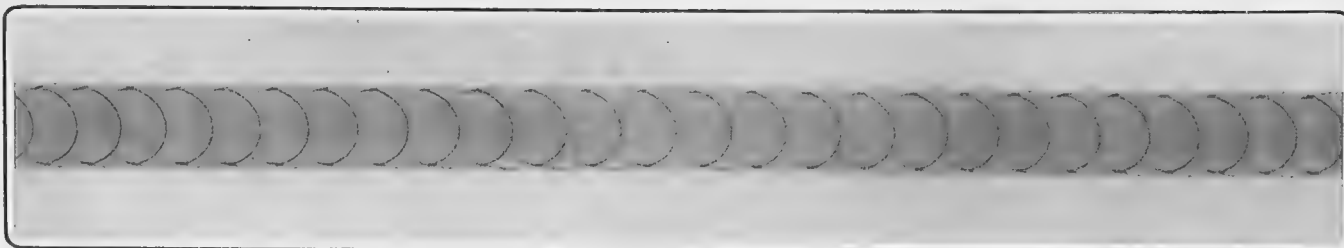


LORD LANSDOWNE'S ELDER DAUGHTER WITH HER YOUNGEST CHILD: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND LADY ANNE CAVENDISH. Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire has two sons and five daughters. Her youngest child, the little Lady Anne Cavendish, was born last year. Her first child, and heir to the Dukedom, the Marquess of Hartington, was born in 1895. The Duchess is a daughter of Lord Lansdowne.—*[Photograph by Latham, Ruxton.]*

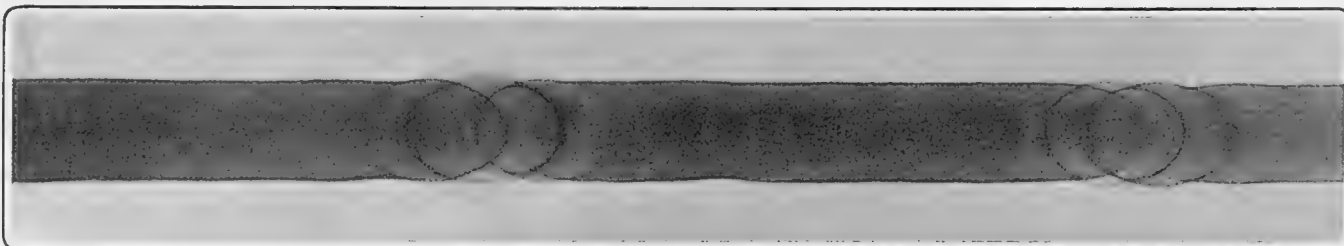
IS YOUR HEART GOING PIT - A - PAT ?

ARE YOU IN LOVE, OR EXCITED OVER THE ELECTIONS? A TAPE MACHINE FOR RECORDING HEART-BEATS.

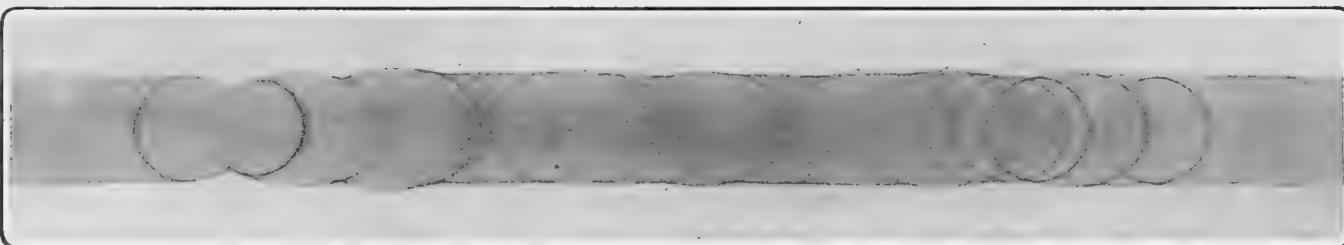
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



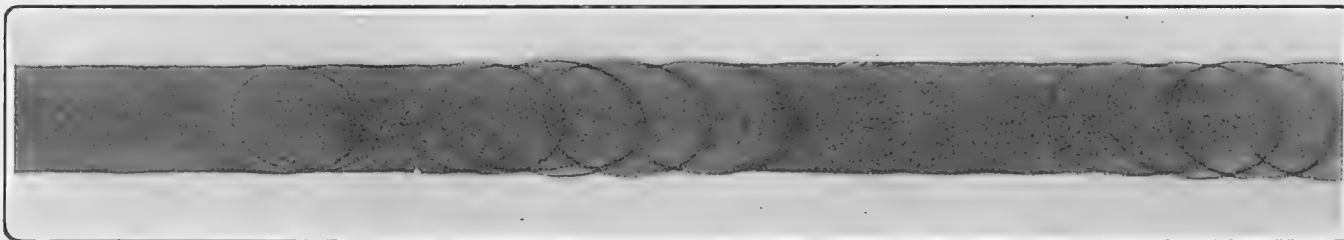
SOUND RECORDED IN SMOKE: THE VIBRATIONS OF A TUNING-FORK REGISTERED IN SMOKE-RINGS FROM AN ACETYLENE FLAME.



NO DISTURBANCE, AMATORY OR POLITICAL: A RECORD OF NORMAL HEART-BEATS.

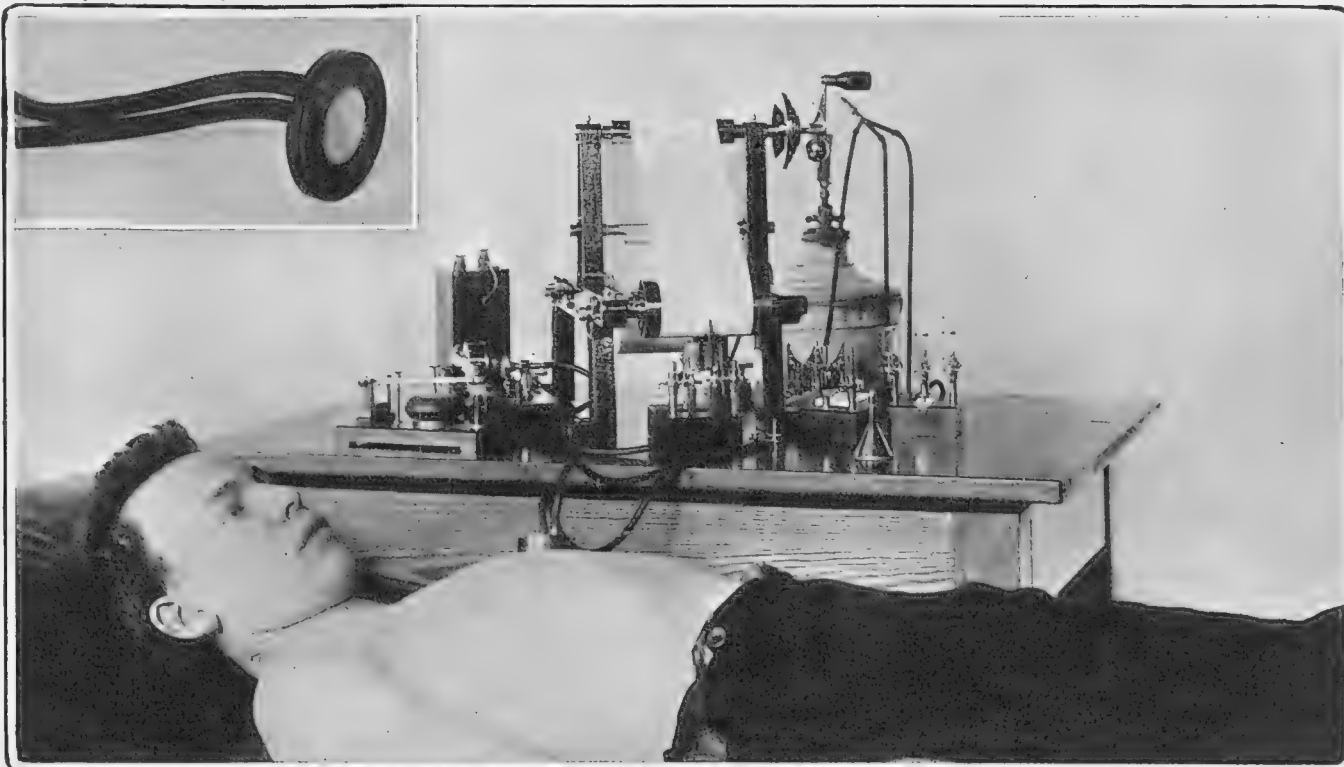


THRILLS AND THROBS: THE MOVEMENT OF THE HEART REGISTERED ON PAPER.



THE STATE OF A PARTY RECORDED ON THE TAPE: HEART-BEATS COMING THROUGH LIKE ELECTION RESULTS.

The acoustic box placed over the heart to register its beats: connected by tubes with the acetylene-generator and the flame.



TESTING CARDIAC AFFECTIONS: THE HEART-BEAT RECORDER IN OPERATION.

Professor M. K. Marbe, of Frankfurt-on-Main, has invented an ingenious apparatus for registering the beats of the heart, by means of the oscillations of a flame recorded in smoke-rings on a paper tape. The first four illustrations indicate the records obtained, while the sixth shows the apparatus in use. A small acoustic box (shown in the inset illustration), connected by two india-rubber tubes with an acetylene-generator and the recording flame, is placed over the thorax. The vibrations and shocks forming the sounds of the heart are transmitted to the membrane of this box, and through the gas contained therein to the flame, which registers in smoke-rings on the paper tape the recurrence of the heart-beats. Any anomaly can be easily recognised, and the invention will thus be of great use in diagnosing diseases of the heart.

From Photographs supplied by Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"La Femme Nue." You need not be scared by the title. For, according to Mr. Fenn's version of "La Femme Nue," M. Bataille's drama is not very *décolleté*. I ought to pay a royalty to "Gyp" for the phrase which she uses very neatly about the "altogether" pictures of Ingres. Yet I fear that Mrs. Grundy will not approve of "Dame Nature"; but the poor dear has always disliked "nature" on the stage almost as much as she dislikes art and loves convention. Personally, I think it was not natural that Lolette should accept a *collage* with Mr. Ridgeway, for I think that the authors and Miss Ethel Irving had presented a creature likely to remain faithful for years, if not for ever, to her contemptible, faithless husband. In fact, the bold conclusion of the play

was arrived at by the wrong woman—that is my criticism upon the matter. Mrs. Grundy's will be different, for she will be horrified *simpliciter* by the conduct of Lolette, and quite incorrectly call the play immoral. She has a cruel way of assuming that, as a rule in drama, the play preaches the idea that what the heroine does is right, and she will believe firmly that "Dame Nature" is intended to show that Lolette was morally justified in becoming the mistress of Mr. Ridgeway. This, no doubt, is not the case. The play is not intended to prove anything, but merely to paint a picture of life and people—very ugly life and rather queer people—belonging to a strange Anglo-French group.

Mr. Fenn's Work.

Since I have not seen or read the original, I cannot tell what difficulties Mr. Fenn had to overcome. Certainly he has avoided a good many of the snares that generally catch adaptors, but the work remains an adaptation—a halfway thing between the original treatment of the idea of "La Femme Nue" and a translation. A pity this, since of the quality, the fine quality, of Mr. Fenn's humour there is no trace in the play, and unless it be in the old Prince, there are few signs of his close power of observation. Of course, everyone by now knows the tale of Lolette, the Trilby who, after one or more serious adventures, jilted Mr. Ridgeway and lived with Robert Bertram, to whom she had been sitting for the nude; and all the world is aware that when he won the Gold Medal Robert was unwise enough to marry her. I do not think the Robert of the play would have made such a mistake. Then Robert, a born snob, became fashionable and considered his wife an incubus; and he fell in love with a naughty Princess and Lolette caught them "spooning," and therefore, after an act and a half, finding that they really loved one another, she tried to kill herself, failed, and so went off to "gay Paree" with Mr. Ridgeway, leaving Robert to get a divorce and marry the Princess. Why she wanted to marry him I do not know.

My Young Days.

Such a piece would have made a sensation in my young days—perhaps it will now; but, if so, it will be on account of Miss Ethel Irving's acting, and not of itself. For, whilst carefully written and exhibiting some sense of character, it is not a very clever drama, and so much of it is in one strain that it seems very long. Sharp cutting is needed before full advantage can be taken of Miss Irving's

superb performance, which is equally remarkable for truth and power. She is surprisingly untheatrical even in very theatrical scenes, and gives a very vivid and pathetic picture of Lolette which all lovers of fine acting ought to see. The part by no means exhausts her powers, and I am curious as to when we shall know the limit of them. Those who saw her in "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont" expect greater things than there is room for in "Dame Nature." Nothing was very noteworthy in the other acting. Excellent work was given by Messrs. Leicester, F. Cooper, Norman Forbes, and Beveridge; a brave effort was made by Miss Nancy Price to realise the Princess; and an agreeable performance was offered by Miss Agnes Hewitt, the only quite pleasant person in the play.

"When Knights Were Bold."

Mr. James Welch and his company may be a little late for Christmas, but will nevertheless be welcomed warmly. For "When Knights Were Bold" threatens to achieve the popularity of "Charley's Aunt" and surpass that of "Our Boys." Little wonder in this, seeing that her Gracious Majesty the Queen has seen it four times and read the book, whilst Lord Roberts has been an even more frequent visitor. No doubt, the greater part of the farce's simple fun is due to Mr. James Welch, and probably he gets more out of it than could anyone else. Some of us may be rather sorry to see an actor of his fine quality spending so much of his time upon a piece quite elementary in its humour. Still, it may well be hoped that the prodigious success of the play will soon put him into a position to present himself in a drama of more subtle character.

More Pellissier Pots.

That plays may come and plays may go, but the Follies go on for ever, might be too bold a statement; but it is difficult to see why they should not be a feature of London for many years, taking the place once occupied by the German Reeds, and drawing crowds of people who shun the theatres, and also attracting the regular playgoers. The novelties in their programme presented the other night were received with delight. The chief is the Potted Pantomime, and much of it is very funny. The delivery by Mr. Sydney Lewis of a patriotic song is quite superbly humorous, and there are people who allege that he as Mr. George Graves, and Miss Gwennie Mars in her burlesque (or mimicking) of Mr. Wilkie Bard are as entertaining as the originals. That Mr. Pellissier is a fascinating Good Fairy anybody could guess; his Widow Twankey is irresistible. The attack upon "The Blue Bird" was not very pointed, but the Procession of Nations and the Transformation Scene were delightful. In addition the programme has the clever burlesque upon "The Whip," with Mr. Pellissier in the Jessie Bateman part, and a beautiful study of the railway accident. There are agreeable new numbers in the first part, and the revival of the Nicotine Quartets is welcome.



TO CREATE ANTONY IN "CLEOPATRA," BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD, AT THE STRAND: MR. PHILIP DESBOROUGH. Mr. Philip Desborough has been engaged to create the part of Antony in Mr. Rider Haggard's play, "Cleopatra," which Mr. Robert Hilton intends to stage at the Strand during his season beginning next month. Mr. Desborough has been taking a leading part in "Penelope" with Miss Marie Tempest in New York.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

NOT JOE-BURG! BIRMINGHAM—IN THE UNITED STATES.



A FINE CHILD! THE AMERICAN BIRMINGHAM AS IT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO
AND AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Birmingham, England, has no need to be ashamed of having stood god-parent to Birmingham, Ala., and having given it its name. At the top of this page is an illustration of a street in the Birmingham of the United States as it was twenty years ago; below, is one of the same city as it is to-day. Birmingham, Ala., was founded in 1871, and its first iron furnace was built eight years later. Since then its growth has been mushroom-like in its rapidity.

GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

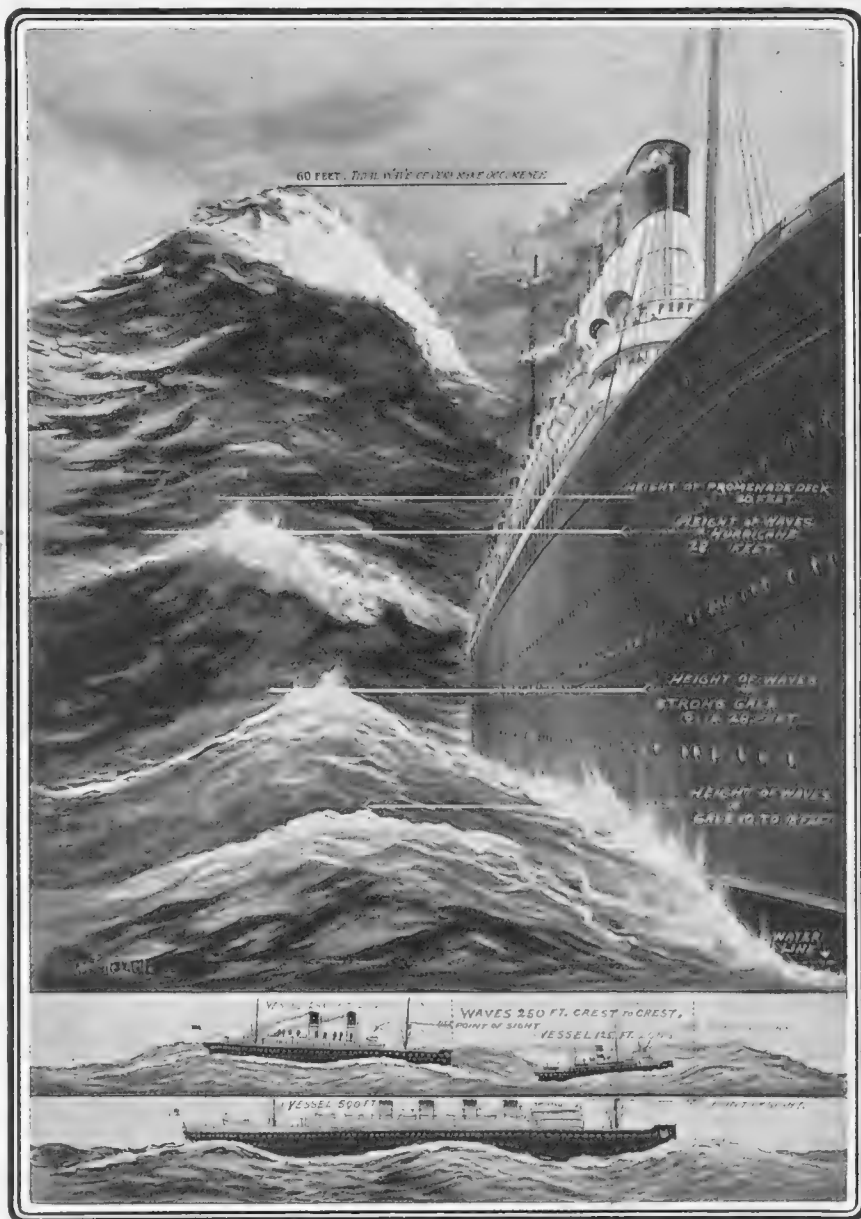
Why Growl? The most extraordinary thing about this growling is that I find I have a positive distaste for it. This is the more singular because my earliest nickname was Tiger, and my second—believe me, I pause before I own it—was Growler. Look at that word. Well, all I can say is, I am living up to it. Notwithstanding the nickname—or is it by any chance *because* of the nickname? (“curiouser and curiouser”)—now that I am really required to growl, urgently asked to communicate my growls, in so many words, not later than Tuesday, I resent it. The sun shines. There is frost in the air. Then why growl? 1909 (hideous incongruity—two nines, and yet the dullest, deadliest, most tiresome year that anyone has ever lived) 1909 has gone out. Then why growl? Out goes the wire-worm from the Garden of England. Exit the Socialist-cum-Tory Government. (Brummell was most indignant over that sentence. He told me I appeared to be qualifying for an asylum. There was no doubt that the Government was Radical. I begged him to read on and, if possible, discover the point. He did so; but he only sniffed, and intimated that politics were none of my business.) How dare I suggest that this Liberal-Radical Government should be nicknamed Tory! Well, I always had an idea in my extreme youth that Liberal meant big-hearted, generous, great; that onward—outward, up—up—up! were its motive powers. But the baby players under the control of the naughty children, the little gnomes, Winnie and Georgie, have only regard to the “Re’s”—Retard, Retrench, Retrogress, Retreat. Poor little Socialists-cum-Tories, who are not Liberals, but merely Radicals—Radicals who require change at any cost to their country. The one real growl here is that such splendid Unionists as Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and John Burns should have been drugged and smuggled into such ranks. I expect the author of the delightful play, “Pinkie and the Fairies,” would put it down to Elf Pickle. Doubtless he would be right.

On Fussing. My intention was to growl about the verb To Fuss. Fussing! How dull! It is surely enough that the rain pours down without being told not to get wet. It is sufficiently depressing to be unable to see outside one’s window because the fog is thick, without being advised not to get frog in the throat. It is clearly disastrous enough to know that the shoes one buys are soled with brown paper instead of brown leather, without being ordered not to wear thin shoes. It’s so obvious, isn’t it? This fussing. “Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.” How can you help it when the fussers won’t cease from fussing until you wearily seek your rest? (And even then they probably follow you to advise you not

to have such heavy clothing on the bed.) And yet people will fuss. They live to fuss. They live by fussing. Fuss, fussy, fussing, fussiest, fuss on, fussy ever. If I choose to have indigestion, surely that ought to be my own concern. But it isn’t, you know. For why? For the fusser may have to make my milk-puddings. I am bound to say that I see the common-sense of fussing on that principle. And doubtless all fussing springs from a common-sense source. When I fuss myself I don’t object to it at all. I realise the absolute necessity of seeing that Brummell is forced into Jaeger at the proper moment of the year, otherwise he will interfere with my proper growls. (By the way, Brummell is most indignant again. This time at the use of his name. He says that he is not married—that, as everybody perfectly well knows, he is a bachelor. My only comment on this vexed question is that his remarks on matrimony read like first-hand experience. It does not need a woman to give Brummell away.)

A Silly Word. It’s the fussing of others to which I so strongly object—which, in fact, bores me, tires me, wears me, sickens me. It’s such a silly word—fuss. One realises that it ought to rhyme with puss. But it won’t. Being the daughter of a doctor, I know that it will rhyme with puss with one “s” off. (Those of you who do not know what this means need not inquire—take it from me that it is a disagreeable matter.) Here is a disgraceful thing. I am fairly launched, full of charming, quaint, interesting ideas, when I discover I have already over-written. If I cut references to Brummell, I shall please him. If I leave it to our Editor to cut, I shall please him. I feel like fussing myself on the subject. But anyhow, I am growling. Whoever cuts me, whatever is cut, I insist on going on now. I feel I ought to. Does that mean that I am a fatalist? I hope not, for I have a very clear idea that fatalism is as foolish as fussing. Also I believe in accidentals.

They also overcome me when I struggle with the piano, and, being a woman, I take that as a positive proof that they (the accidentals) overcome me in life. So how can I be a fatalist? There it is again: if I’m a fatalist I can’t alter it, so why fuss? Oh, foolish fussers, why fuss me? (I am waiting for the telephone to ring. A distracted printer calling for copy. I delight in the possibility.) Colossal egotism is the chief ingredient of the fussers. They are so sure that they know best. They know that I am a fool. But what they do not appear to know is that they also are fools to suppose they can remedy my folly. Oh, fussers, do turn over a new leaf in 1910! Do become nice, cheery, optimistic specimens. Do leave fussing alone!



THE SORT OF THING WITH WHICH ATLANTIC LINERS HAVE TO CONTENT: THE RELATIVE HEIGHTS OF THE OCEAN WAVES COMPARED WITH THE "LUSITANIA."

Science has shown that the biggest wave in a severe gale does not exceed 30 feet in height. Tidal waves are an exception. Before the one encountered the other day by the "Lusitania," which is said to have been 100 feet high, the record for such a wave was about 60 feet. It requires a very rough sea indeed to show a broken horizon from the promenade deck of such a vessel as the "Lusitania." In the smaller steamers of former years, where the point of sight was low, the waves often appeared mountainous.

The diagrams at the foot of this picture shows how the illusion arose.

DRAWN BY C. J. DE LACY.

THE "SHARP END" OF THE BOAT.



SEEN FROM THE BO'SUN'S CHAIR: A CURIOUS VIEW OF THE "LUSITANIA."

The "Lusitania" is of particular interest at the moment, for it was only quite recently that she ran into a tidal wave that is estimated to have been a hundred feet high. An avalanche of water, the weight of which is set at 2000 tons, fell upon the promenade deck. She made the slowest passage in her history, and was twenty-six hours late in arriving at New York. When she reached her destination those ashore were able to gauge the weather she had encountered. She had lost her forward pilot-house, four life-boats had been badly damaged, and her officers' quarters were in such a condition that they were unusable.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



NEW "WHEEZES" IN THE MUSIC-HALLS.

Stout-Hearted "Stars."

Time was when a red nose and an eccentric rig-out were all the necessary adjuncts to a music-hall performance. To-day the red-nose comedian will not be tolerated unless he is a genius of his kind. Only a year or two ago many music-hall performers led a life of comparative indolence and ease. Under the merciless strain of the conditions to-day it is a marvel that any of them manage to exist at all. Music-hall managers and music-hall patrons grow more exacting every week. The jaded Londoner is not satisfied with fresh talent. Your art may be absolutely the best of its kind, but it will find no acceptance with the audience unless it is presented in a form which is absolutely new. Artists who cannot constantly provide something differing entirely from what they have ever done before are seldom re-booked.

On the Shelf.

That is why it is that nowadays one seldom sees the ordinary trick cyclist or troupe of Japanese acrobats on the stage. The last word in cycling tricks has been said, and few can say it. The conjuror and illusionist can only keep his place if he travels with several truck-loads of gorgeous draperies and mechanical effects, and spends hundreds of pounds a year in ceaseless experiment. The ventriloquist still keeps his place in the programme by similar methods to those adopted by the conjuror, but each week sees him finding it more difficult to think of something new.

Adjuncts to Their Art.

Only the other day I saw a ventriloquist at one of the London halls. Vanando was his name, and he was a very excellent ventriloquist indeed. He was so good that, a year or two ago, he might have come on the stage and given his "show" in a dress suit, and in just the ordinary Christmas-party way. To-day he is supported by accessories "regardless of expense." For background he has one of the most beautiful pictures of rural scenery it would be possible to find in any theatre. Seated on a stile in immaculate shooting "kit," with a real gun under his arm, he carries on an amusing dialogue on sporting matters with a dummy dressed as a yokel—all the dialogue being designed to be in keeping with the picture. Instead of a series of disconnected inanities, we get what is practically a very cleverly thought out sketch.

Pastimes on a Battle-Ship.

The professional juggler and the acrobat have to be equally fertile in ideas. The last "turn" of the new kind I saw was "Brinn," who is now doing a tour of the halls with an act called "Pastimes on a Battle-Ship." The stage is "set" to represent the deck of a man-o'-war, every detail

as carefully planned out as though a whole act of a play was to be performed. "Brinn," dressed as a naval officer, does sensational feats of balancing and strength with a real boat and two "real" guns, one of the latter a quick-firer, having its magazine emptied by an assistant dressed as a seaman, whilst both are balanced sensationally on the bosom of "Brinn."

Bard and His Blackboard.

With the singers it is the same. Just now the rage is for the dialect song, principally "Lancasheer," and for the song with a "catch" chorus for the audience to sing—of the type originally made popular by Wilkie Bard. Whilst mentioning Bard one may, perhaps, draw attention to the novel turn which he and George Graves give with a blackboard in the Drury Lane pantomime, for it is certain to be used with equal effect on the halls. It is a most ingenious idea. On a large blackboard two chairs are roughly drawn in chalk by the comedians, who promptly climb up and sit on them. Then they draw a table, a bottle, glasses, corkscrew, clock, lamp, and other things, all of which are used, and a door, which presently opens to let Aladdin through.

Another new idea is the increasing use of the cinematograph as an aid in songs, sketches, or ballets on the music-hall stage. The variety theatres have stolen a march on the "legitimate" ones in this respect. In the Empire ballet, for instance, when the authors wish to bring their principal characters quickly from America to Leicester Square, do you think they resort to so bald an idea as to say "an interval of five days elapses"?

Never. Instead they turn on the cinematograph, and we see the hero and his friends speeding swiftly o'er the real ocean in a real ship, the *Mauretania*. The same idea, but carried even further,

is also being employed by La Tortajada in her new dances at the Coliseum.

Busy Brains.

And so it goes on in every department of music-hall amusements—something new at every turn. Valanche's dogs, for instance, must not tamely leap across the stage through hoops or propel barrels to an accompaniment of yawns. Instead, they play an exciting game of real football, which is far more full of thrills than the average Cup Final played by human beings. The lightning cartoonist, too, must brighten up his art. At the Palace, Mr. Ernest Mills



TINNED SANDWICHMAN: THE "ARMOURED" LEADER OF A LINE OF MEN CARRYING ADVERTISEMENTS OF "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," WHICH HAS BEEN REVIVED AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



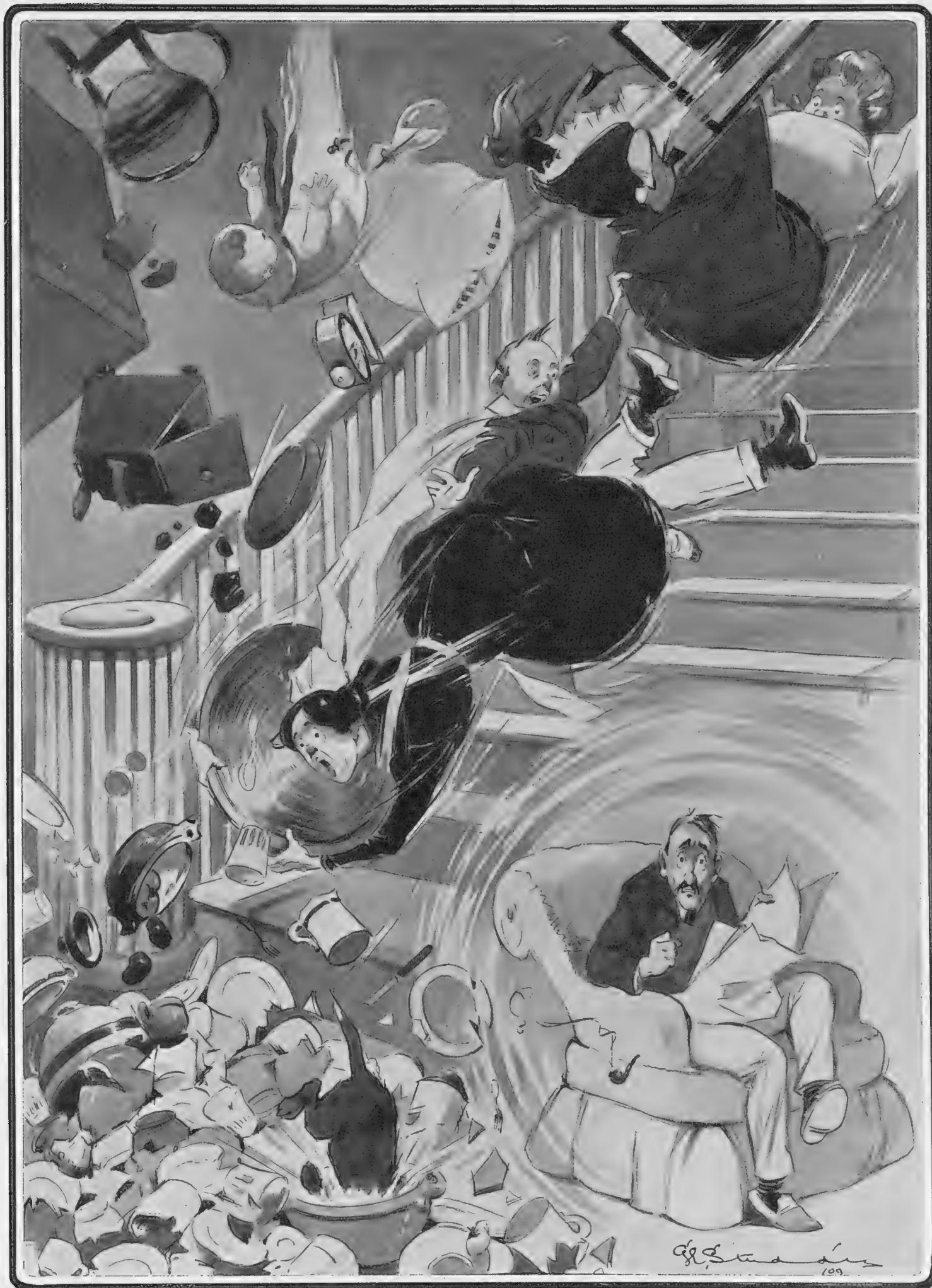
WIDOW TWANKAY, MOTORIST: MR. WILKIE BARD OUT FOR A SPIN.

Mr. Wilkie Bard is making a great success as Widow Twankay in "Aladdin" at Drury Lane, and once again is leading huge audiences in chorus songs.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

has been scoring excellently with an artful "wheeze" of drawing a picture with a few hurried dashes of the hand, and then, by turning it on its side or standing it on its head, finishing it off with equal dispatch with quite another picture altogether.

The World—Through the Eyes of a Pessimist.

FOR SALE



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No. IV.—WHEN HE HEARS MARY ANN DROP SOMETHING IN THE HALL.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

PARIS, THE CITY OF COCOTTES, CHILDREN, AND CALIBANS.*

IT would appear that Mr. D'Auvergne would have us believe that Paris is peopled by cocottes, children, and Calibans. Lutetia, rudely unveiled, lit by the lamps whose glare reveals



A "TYPE"—BY HARRY MORLEY.

Reproduced from "The Night Side of Paris," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

being led into its favourite field, rolls on its back in the mud and kicks up its heels in vigorous abandon." Music-halls of various degrees, cafés, theatres, and dancing-saloons pander to the same taste.

And the *filles de joie* of Paris is not as are those of London. "With us the courtesan wears a sinister, hard, and wolfish look. She is made to feel she is an Ishmaelite, and she gives back scowl for scowl. The expression is not often seen on the faces of her Parisian sister. She has no quarrel with the world, nor has the world with her. She peeps into your face appealingly, archly, naughtily, merrily—never hardly or greedily." That is when she is young, when the "Arcadian strain" runs through her, and she can do as does the Parisian man of pleasure, who "when heated with wine, sick with too much smoke, angry with Fifine or Odette, reels out into the Place Pigalle, and drives away to the Bois. The dew cools his brow, and in the keen air of the dawn his spirits revive. He sings old love-songs, he waves his hat, he has drawn a new draught of life from the generous bosom of Mother Earth. In the Allées he meets other

revellers, wild-eyed students and grisettes. . . . Weary roué and fresh grisette alike descend upon the Pré Catelan, and clamour for milk. The waiters know these early visitants in all their moods—repentant, maudlin, sullen, resolute, poetic, and hilarious. Sometimes they insist on visiting the cows—for the Pré Catelan is quite farm-like. Affecting interviews take place between the penitent *nocœur* and the good, wholesome, horned beast. Some of the girls weep and begin to talk about the old folks at home, when, as virtuous maidens, they passed their time feeding the pigs and occasionally slitting the throats of trustful fowls. These were incidents of a truly virtuous existence, when they gave no pleasure to themselves or other people. After that, breakfast à la Watteau in the grey dawn. Many a man and woman has driven back to Paris resolving that this shall be the beginning of a new life; that this shall be the first stage of the journey back to the old home in the provinces. Next night finds them as far on their way as—Montmartre."

When she is old—"a huge, bloated woman leans over the murderous-looking men and calls their attention to the well-dressed stranger. They hurl an insult in their unintelligible *argot*, which it is prudent to ignore, and you pass on." Or they are condemned to the living-death—"



THE GRISETTE OF TO-DAY.
BY HARRY MORLEY.

Reproduced from "The Night Side of Paris," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

The bully of more decent appearance is the pest and bugbear of the cabarets. . . . The fraternity sit at the receipt of custom nowadays at various drinking-shops in the side-streets. Women come into them from time to time and pay their dues and offer refreshment. Their 'protectors' greet them with abuse, sometimes with scowls, more often with some brutal sarcasm, which cuts into them more sharply than a knife and convulses the other gentlemen present with laughter. An ugly look comes across the poor creature's face, but the next moment she goes back to her work with the air of a whipped cur."

In his Preface, Mr. D'Auvergne says: "I have described Paris as it appears by night to those who know it intimately and are animated by something of its spirit, not pretending to lay bare any mysteries or to deal with those unpleasant features that are accidental rather than incidental to the life of any great European city." He may argue that we have touched upon only the more sordid side of his book. That is true; but we have dealt with the predominating side.



A "CROQUIS" CLASS.—BY HARRY MORLEY.

Reproduced from "The Night Side of Paris," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

* "The Night Side of Paris." By Edmund H. D'Auvergne. Illustrated by Harry Morley. (T. Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net.)

DOUBLY BAD!

FOR SALE.



THE POLICEMAN (*Irish*): This is more sayrious than Oi thought. The window is broken on both sides, an' it's lucky for yez that ye have the brick as evidence.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN TOLROY.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

THE talk had fallen on apparitions, when Captain Tolroy slowly rose from his chair in the club smoking-room and, assuming his favourite attitude before the fire, gazed solemnly round at the dejected circle of bachelors who had assembled there to welcome in the New Year. A certain scientific doubt on the subject of all such phantasmic phenomena which one of the party seemed to be on the point of uttering was checked by the Captain's glance lighting somewhat suddenly on the sceptic's face.

"I can give you an instance," he began in an impressive tone—"an instance within my own personal experience, begad, of an occurrence of this precise nature."

"One moment," interrupted another, touching the hand-bell beside him. "Waiter, whiskies-and-sodas and fresh cigars—"

"Apollinaris for me," corrected Captain Tolroy promptly.

"An Apollinaris for Captain Tolroy. . . . If it's going to be a ghost-story, there's nothing like homœopathic treatment for the nerves—"

"Strictly speaking," remarked the Captain, fixing his eyeglass in his eye, "it's not a ghost-story, though, begad, it's about an apparition, which amounts to much the same thing, as you fellows will admit."

The glasses having, in due course, been replenished and cigars relit, the company settled down to attitudes of luxurious attention, and Captain Tolroy, after carefully testing the strength of his beverage, cleared his throat twice, and, surveying his audience with the look of an orator gauging the emotional capacities of those he is about to address, delivered himself as follows—

"It is exactly two years ago to-day—the 31st of December, 1907—that it happened; and if any of you fellows doubt what I am going to tell you, you can ask Dodlington himself—Major Dodlington, of the Buffs—I daresay some of you know him? Left the Service when he came into his uncle's property and settled in the country . . . a good sort of fellow, but a deucid sight too fond of silly practical jokes for a man of his age, as I told him more than once, begad, when he went a little too far—but that's nothing to do with the present affair. Well, Dodlington asked me down to Leicestershire to join his Christmas house-party the winter before last, and as I happened to have no better engagement at the moment, I accepted the invitation and toddled down there, though, as you know, I loathe the country, especially in winter. Dodlington met me at the station in his dogcart, and says he, directly I had climbed in—'Tolly, my boy, who d'ye think I've got staying up at my place, hey?' It was a deucid sight too cold to guess, so I gave it up. 'Mrs. Mittelwing and her daughter—her beautiful daughter, Tolly, my boy!' exclaimed Dod. 'George! it makes me almost wish I wasn't married!' says he, flicking the mare with his whip. 'Which of them,' said I, fixing him a bit sternly with my eye, 'makes you feel like that, begad—the mother or the daughter?' 'The mother would be a more suitable match for you, Tol,' says Dodlington, begging the question. 'Fine, handsome widow—can't be a day over forty-two—with a heavy banking account, I'm told. Must have married devilish young to own a daughter of twenty.' Well, when I came down to the drawing-room an hour later and was introduced to the rest of the people, I found that Mrs. Mittelwing was a woman of fifty, begad—fifty if a day—with a tall, angular figure and a face that *might* have been good-looking when she was ten, but had long ago lost all traces of the circumstance, as Dodlington knew well enough. But the daughter—well, I'm not as a rule impressionable, as you fellows are aware, but I confess the daughter took me, as it were, full in the wind, and for a moment knocked me speechless. I never saw a prettier girl, begad—never, 'pon my word. Considering the general aspect of her mother's features, I concluded at once that the late Mr. Mittelwing must have been a perfect Adonis—a regular Beau Brummagem, or whatever the blighter called himself—"

"Brummell, Tolly, Brummell," interpolated a voice.

"Have it your own way," conceded the Captain loftily; "but I can assure you the girl was a scorcher—not a single fly on her—and we sort of drifted together quite naturally—like to like, and all that kind of thing, don't you know—from the very first moment. I may say without vanity that the attraction seemed mutual. I was already more than half in love with Gladys—that was her name, by the way—when I accidentally learnt, two days

later, from another man who was staying in the house and knew the Mittelwings pretty well, that although the mother had nothing, Miss Gladys, by the terms of an uncle's will, would come in for a couple of thousand a year as soon as she was of age—that is to say, in rather less than a year's time. Conceive my feelings! I hesitated no longer, but permitted myself to fall headlong in love with the charming creature that instant. I was deucid gratified to find, too, that the lovely child appeared to some extent to reciprocate my sentiments, and I succeeded during the next few days in monopolising her society to such a degree that Dodlington became quite jealous. 'Tol,' says he, taking me aside one day, 'don't you see that you are ruining your chances, dear boy, with the widow? Why not leave the girl alone and go for the mamma for all you're worth? I believe she'd have you if you asked her, but I'm blamed certain Gladys wouldn't!' 'Begad, Dod,' said I, 'I'm mightily obliged for your advice, old man, and all that, but with due deference to your opinion, permit me to say, Sir, that I consider it confoundedly silly!' 'Oh, in that case,' says Dod, with a short laugh, 'please yourself, Tol, please yourself, by all means—only don't grouse afterwards that I didn't give you the straight tip, dear boy!' To do Dod justice, he was right in one particular, as I deucid soon found out. Mrs. Mittelwing had begun to exhibit an unmistakable preference for my company, and to my annoyance, the good creature took no pains to conceal her predilection in front of others. This on more than one occasion led to rather embarrassing situations, which only my consummate tact saved from being devilish compromising to us both. The more persistent became her mother's attentions, the colder grew Gladys' demeanour towards me, till I began to fear that the game would be up unless I took some decided action soon. I determined, therefore, to propose to Gladys the following day, which happened to be the first of the New Year. The same evening—New Year's Eve, in fact—the whole house-party was assembled in the drawing-room round a huge log-fire, waiting for the New Year to turn up, when some idiot, for want of a better subject, started ghost-stories. Dodlington gave a queer smile. 'Talking of ghost-stories,' he began—and the widow edged up closer to me, for the lights had been turned low—"you may not all of you be aware, perhaps, that this house is haunted?" There was, of course, a little gasp of alarm from the ladies, but Dod put up his hand soothingly, and 'Don't be frightened,' says he, 'for the ghost's quite harmless—it's only a woman! I shouldn't have mentioned the fact, but—ahem, p'raps I'd better not go on?' And he looks inquiringly round at us. Of course everybody at once insisted on hearing all about it; and, after pretending to hesitate a moment, Dod continued: 'Well, I've never seen it myself, because, as you know, I have only been in this house a few months, and the ghost is only supposed to appear once a year—on New Year's Eve. But my uncle assured me that *he* had seen the apparition, and that it was a genuine ghost right enough. It takes the form of a tall woman, dressed in some loose sort of robe, and she prowls about the rooms and passages as if she was looking for somebody. Probably for the butler, who is alleged to have poisoned her, though, as it could never be satisfactorily proved against him, the man got off.' Well, everybody immediately wanted to know what particular room the ghost affected, begad, in her wanderings; but Dodlington couldn't tell 'em—said he thought the ghost didn't stick to any special apartment at all, but just lounged around aimlessly, as it were. The ladies all expressed the greatest alarm lest they should encounter the apparition during the night, but the men of the party reassured the pretty creatures by promising to keep awake and rush out to the rescue at the very first sound of a cry from any of them, however faint and stifled. 'For my part,' announced Mrs. Mittelwing, pressing my arm in the dark, 'I should not feel the least fear of *any* ghost with such a gallant soldier as Captain Tolroy near at hand to protect me!' 'Gad, Madam,' said I, 'you can rely upon me, of course, if necessary; but there are other gentlemen present whose protection might add equally to your sense of security, begad, in such an emergency.' Upon which—"Oh," murmured Gladys, with a languishing glance at me, 'I *do* think it would be most awfully brave of any man to—to chase a real ghost single-handed!' 'To gain such a good opinion from *you*, Miss Mittelwing, said I, with a deucid graceful little bow towards the charming child, 'I'd willingly chase a dozen ghosts all night long without stopping,

[Continued overleaf.]

WORTH THE KING'S BOUNTY?



THE STRANGER: Was the new candidate much put out when they threw the stale eggs at him?

NATIVE: He was, Sorr. He was awful decomposed!

DRAWN BY H. E. LOUGHRIDGE.



THE MUCKLE MCTURK (who, with his friend, has been celebrating the advent of the New Year not wisely but too well at the club house): But why pit down twa balls, Wully—hie!—why pit down twa balls?

WULLY (quite unable to deny the accusation): Weel, can ye no' see I'm drivin' wi' twa clubs? (Profuse apologies from Mr. McTurk.)

DRAWN BY HARRY LOWE.



THE ELECTOR: No, Sir; I allus 'ave voted with the party—but principle comes first; and, I ask ye again, wot did you do about them there two barrel o' beer as wuz stole from the "Rose and Crown"?

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

begad!—at which Doddlington laughed and the other fellows looked glum. Well, to cut a long story short, we drank in the New Year and joined hands and sang ‘Auld Lang Syne’ and went through all the usual silly tomfoolery associated with such occasions, and as everybody by that time was more or less asleep, the whole lot of us retired to our bed-rooms ten minutes later, and the house was wrapped in silence. It always takes me a deuce of a while to get to sleep, and at about one o’clock I was just dropping off comfortably when I was startled by a sound in the corridor outside. The gas in my room was burning low—I can never sleep in the dark—and as I sat up in bed listening, I heard the handle of my door very softly turned, and the next moment the door opened and a figure glided noiselessly into the room. ‘Gad,’ thought I at once, staring at the intruder, ‘this must be the confounded ghost Dod was talking about,’ and the same instant it flashed across my mind that here was the very opportunity I sought to gain the undying admiration and esteem of Gladys. I rubbed my eyes and gazed fixedly at the apparition, but owing to the dim light and the fact that I hadn’t got my eyeglass on, I could only discern that it was a tall form, clad in a long sort of cloak, and that it apparently didn’t quite seem to know where it was, for it stood still without looking to the right or left, and then moved quietly back again to the open door. Suppressing a slight shiver—for it was a deucid cold night, begad—I instantly determined to follow it. Heedless of the grave risks I ran in thus deliberately pursuing an unknown and possibly vindictive spectre through a dark house, I crawled out of bed, and hastily donning my dressing-gown and slippers, rushed after the vanishing spirit. Fortunately, there was a full moon that night, and its rays, slanting in at a wide window, illumined the landing and hall below sufficiently to enable me to distinguish the form of the apparition proceeding slowly down the staircase. With considerable caution I descended the stairs in its wake, and, reaching the bottom, steered round in the direction in which it had momentarily disappeared from my view. At the end of the hall, the door of the smoking-room happened to be open, and I distinctly heard a slight rustle of skirts advancing towards this spot. Proceeding on tiptoe, I made for the smoking-room too—and begad, there, sure enough, in the middle of it stood the ghost in a shaft of moonlight, apparently lost in thought. I don’t wish to pretend that I wasn’t a trifle upset, for I’d never met a confounded apparition before—and, in spite of big talk, there isn’t one man in a thousand who wouldn’t funk running up against a ghost when it came to the point; but the recollection of Gladys steeled my nerves, and, springing forward with a bound, I seized the spectre firmly from behind. ‘Got you, begad!’ I cried, and at the same instant there was a shrill squeal that deucid near froze my blood, and the spectre turned and flung itself upon me. ‘If you’re a ghost, dammy,’ said I, closing desperately with the phantom, ‘be good enough to say so at once, or I’ll call the police.’ ‘Ghost?’ cried she, in accents which sent a sudden thrill of terror through my frame. ‘Oh, Captain Tolroy, dear Captain Tolroy, is it *you*? How—how you did frighten me!’ ‘Lord, Madam,’ said I, starting back in the utmost confusion, for I was clasping in my arms no other than Mrs. Mittelwing herself, ‘not half so much as you frightened *me*, I’ll swear!’—and I helped her to subside into a chair which happily stood close by. ‘Merciful heavens!’ ejaculated the widow. ‘What a position to wake and find myself in, to be sure! Alone at dead of night with Captain Tolroy in a dark room . . . and, pray, *what* room is this?’ she broke off to inquire. ‘I am under the impression,’ replied I, speaking with icy calmness, ‘that it is the smoking-room, my dear Mrs. Mittelwing. I’m, of course, deucid sorry to have intruded unawares, and I’ll instantly withdraw’—with which I was on the point of beating a hurried retreat, begad, when the widow stopped me. ‘Don’t, for heaven’s sake, don’t leave me here alone!’ she implored. ‘I shall faint with fright!’—and she rose and made a grab at my dressing-gown. ‘Gad, Madam,’ said I, a trifle warmly, ‘how the deuce can I stay down here with you at this time of night? My reputation would be ruined—’ ‘Reputation!’ gasped the widow, catching at the word. ‘Great heavens, Captain Tolroy—supposing somebody were to come and discover us here? Oh, I should be lost! lost!’ ‘Gad, my dear lady, you’d be found, you mean. And so should I—in a deucid ridiculous and compromising situation!’ I pointed out to her. ‘Then why,’ demanded the widow, gazing at me distractedly through the moonlight, ‘oh, why did you drag me into it, Captain Tolroy?’ ‘Drag you, Madam!’ cried I, with some heat, ‘you dragged yourself, begad! All I did was to follow you.’ ‘Follow me!’ echoed Mrs. Mittelwing, in a flustered tone. ‘And, pray, Sir, what right have you to follow me about the house at night?’ ‘For the matter of that,’ I retorted, losing my temper a little at this absurd accusation, ‘what right have *you*, my dear lady, to wander into my bed-room at one o’clock in the morning, and frighten me out of my life just as I was dropping off to sleep, begad?’ The widow sank back with a little squeal of dismay. ‘Into your bed-room?’ she exclaimed. ‘Surely, surely you don’t mean to say that in my sleep I actually strayed into your—your *bed-room*, dear Captain Tolroy?’ ‘Gad, but you did, my dear lady,’ I assured her, ‘and deucid nearly frightened me into a fit, let me tell you. I thought you were Dod’s confounded ghost, so I chased you downstairs and cornered you in the smoking-room, begad!’ ‘Oh!’ gasped Mrs. Mittelwing in a tone of agonised reproach, ‘to think that I should have lived to be

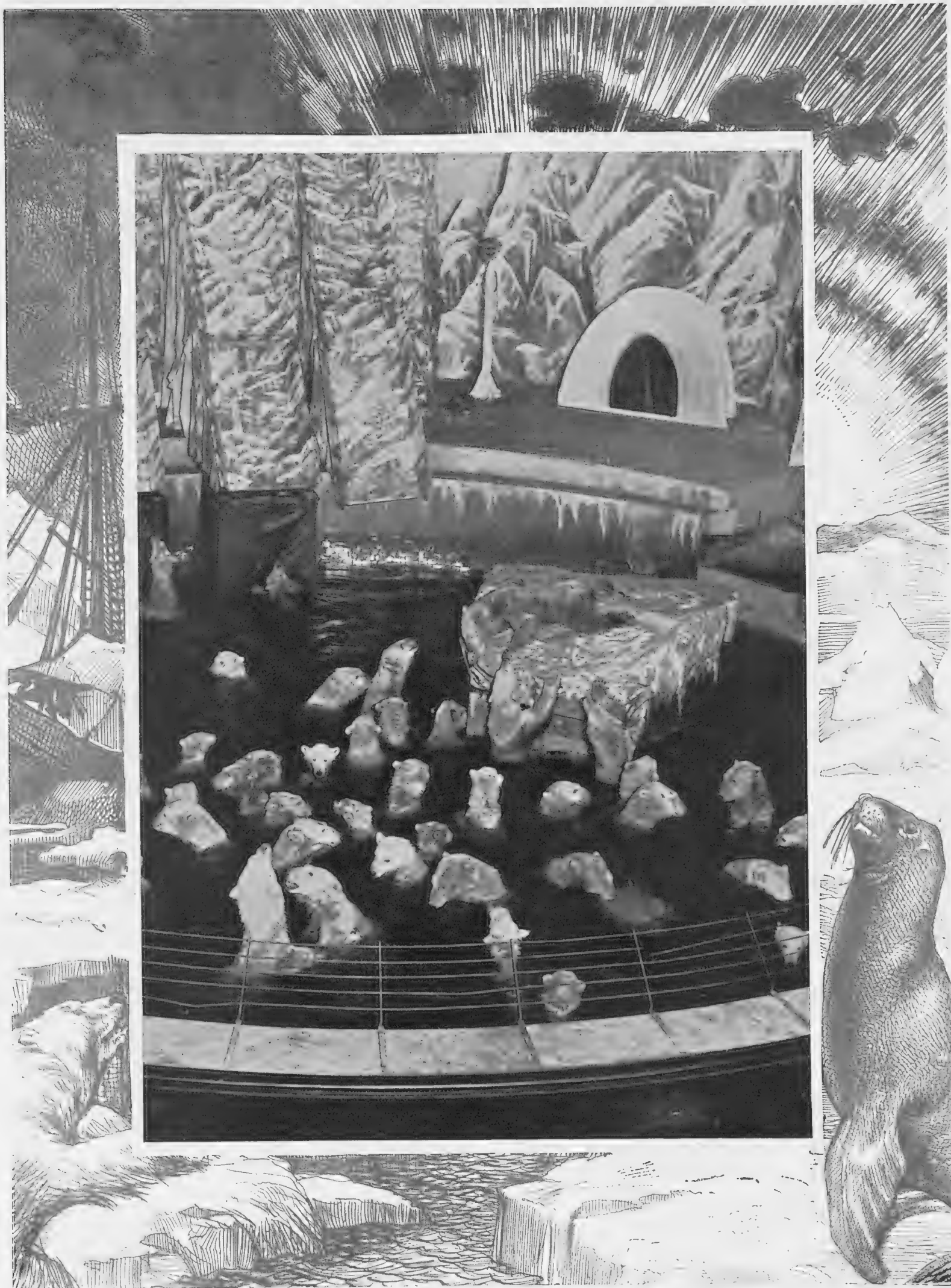
mistaken for a ghost—and by you, Captain Tolroy, by *you*!’ ‘I was not wearing my eyeglass, Madam, at the time,’ I explained loftily, ‘or the mistake would not have occurred. As it is—’ ‘As it is,’ broke in the widow excitedly, ‘you have placed me in a terribly—most terribly—compromising position by your shortsightedness! Oh, Captain Tolroy, if it had been any other man, I should indeed be overwhelmed with apprehension; but, thank heaven, we—*we* understand each other!’ and she cast a coy glance at me through the semi-darkness. ‘Gad, my dear Madam,’ I corrected, ‘then permit me to say that the understanding exists entirely on your side, for I’m blessed if I know what on earth you mean.’ ‘Mean!’ she cried—for she had an idiotic trick of always repeating my last words, which irritated me confoundedly. ‘Oh, that you should stoop to prevarication at such a moment! There is—there can be but one meaning in your recent conduct towards me. Dear Captain Tolroy, I—I consent to be yours!’ ‘Madam,’ said I, deucid firmly, ‘while appreciating the generosity which prompts the gift, begad, I regret to inform you that I must respectfully decline it,’ and, with that, I gathered up my dressing-gown and made for the door; but—‘Stop!’ cried the widow, springing up too. ‘Decline it! Do—do you imply, Captain Tolroy, that you refuse—*refuse*, after all this, to marry me?’ ‘Unconditionally, my dear lady,’ I declared. ‘My affections are already engaged in another quarter. In fact, I hope to marry your daughter, begad.’ ‘My daughter!’ stuttered the widow. ‘What—*Gladys*?’ ‘A most charming girl,’ said I with a bow, ‘and does you great credit, Mrs. Mittelwing, believe me.’ ‘Why, Captain Tolroy,’ cried the widow, ‘you must be mad! You can’t marry my daughter.’ ‘And pray,’ said I, as stiffly as you please, ‘why not, Madam?’ ‘Because, answered she, ‘Gladys is engaged already to someone else.’ I was so thunderstruck at this totally unexpected intelligence that for a moment I could not reply; then—‘Impossible!’ I objected. ‘The dear girl wears no ring!’ ‘The engagement,’ explained the widow, ‘was only ratified by letter yesterday morning. And I insist that you should also announce ours to-morrow, dear Captain Tolroy. My reputation is at stake.’ ‘As to that,’ said I sharply, ‘nobody has seen you, my dear madam, and your reputation, so far as I am concerned, is as safe as your lamented grandmother’s, begad!’ and I held the door open for her to pass through before me. ‘The widow took my arm and squeezed it. ‘Unkind man!’ she murmured, and the very next instant let out a couple of screams that were fit to wake the dead. ‘The ghost! the ghost!’ she yelled, pointing towards the hall, and then fell fainting into my arms. Of course the horrible noise disturbed the whole household, begad, and in less than a minute half-a-dozen doors on the landing above were flung open, and Dod, with three other men at his heels, came bounding downstairs, while two ladies peered out fearfully from behind their bed-room doors. Well, it was a deucid awkward position, as you fellows may imagine, and it took me at least ten minutes to explain it after we had brought the widow to and conveyed her to her room. Most of the men believed me, but Dod winked, and says he aside—‘Tol, you wicked old beggar, she’ll have you up for breach-of-promise for this, as sure as there’s no ghost in this house at all—you see if she don’t!’ ‘Gad, Dod,’ says I, ‘if you don’t mind, I’ll catch the first train back to town to-morrow morning,’ but—‘No,’ says he, ‘don’t do that. Just stay quietly in bed, and I’ll see if I can’t smooth her down a bit.’ ‘Dammy,’ said I, ‘you’ll have to use a confounded rolling-pin then to do it with—but I’ve no objection to your trying.’ So in the morning I stayed in bed as he suggested, and at about twelve o’clock Dod comes up to my room and, looking as solemn as an owl, says he: ‘It was difficult, Tol, devilish difficult, by George, but I succeeded at last in persuading the widow to relinquish her claims upon your affections.’ ‘I’m deucid glad to hear it,’ said I, ‘and as for her yarn about walking in her sleep and all that tommy-rot, I believe she was as wide awake as I am the whole blessed time, begad!’ ‘I shouldn’t be surprised if you were right,’ agreed Dod thoughtfully. ‘But do you know why she was so devilish keen to marry you, Tol?’ ‘She fell in love with me, begad,’ said I, ‘that’s why—other women have done the same thing.’ Dod shook his head. ‘Not at all,’ said he. ‘She fell in love with your money, Tol—your money, you rogue!’ and he gives me a dig in the ribs. ‘My money!’ I cried, sitting up. ‘Why, I haven’t a red cent in the world, as you know well enough!’ ‘Yes—I told her so,’ says Dod, with a chuckle, ‘and she muttered something to the effect that she didn’t care if she never set eyes on your—ahem, on your intelligent countenance again, dear boy. It seems it was a mistake, Tol, a mistake. I’m afraid, in the first instance, I must, quite inadvertently, have led her to infer that you—that you, in fact, were a man of property. ‘Then,’ said I—for I saw through the whole stupid trick now—‘I think it was a confounded silly thing for you to have led her to infer, Dod, and you ought to feel deucid ashamed of yourself for being such a confounded ass, begad!’ And with that I pointed to the door.”

The clock struck twelve—as Captain Tolroy finished his narrative. With one accord, we all rose from our chairs and raised our glasses.

“Gentlemen,” said the man who had spoken first, “let us drink to the New Year—and may we all be better men in it than we have been hitherto!” he added, fixing his gaze, not without significance, on Captain Tolroy as he uttered the pious hope.

THE END.

EARNING A BEAR LIVING IN DIVERS MANNERS.



IN "THE ARCTIC": PERFORMING BEARS IN THE FLOODED ARENA OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Seventy Polar bears take part in "The Arctic." During this spectacle the arena is flooded, as it used to be for the earlier spectacles.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

PATIENCE REWARDED ?



PROSPECTIVE PATIENT: What are your charges, doctor?

DOCTOR: Half-a-crown a visit.

PROSPECTIVE PATIENT: Ah, but we don't want you to come on a visit; we only want you to stay ten or fifteen minutes.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

Good Shots Ready Made.

There are not many points on which a large number of experienced sportsmen will be entirely agreed, for the individuality of the man who makes a life hobby of hunting, shooting, fishing, or golf is very marked, and his own experiences often run counter to existing theories. But I have not met a man during the shooting season now drawing to a close who has not been prepared to agree that the standard of shooting is higher than it was a few years ago. Time was, and not very long since, when the man with well-stocked

covers was always on the look-out for the first-class shot. I have friends whose aim is deadly and whose invitations are always more than they can accept, and in several cases they have met their present hosts because the latter were looking out for good sportsmen who were first-class shots. A man's reputation grows when he can have two or three dead pheasants in the air at the same time, and his birds are always fit for the table. He is like the perfect dancer who goes to a great many functions, and meets his hostess for the first time. In the last few years things have changed. There are very few young men of means and leisure who cannot kill driven game correctly and cleanly, and the reason for the improvement is not far to seek.

pointing at one of their vital spots from time to time, to the accompaniment of the supreme ignorance and indifference of its owner.

Where the Teaching Fails.

While the director of a shooting-ground can make a good shot of any intelligent man, he is powerless to make a good sportsman, and does not at present attempt to do so. Nobody will learn where to look for game or how to face an unexpected situation save by the practical experience of country conditions—only the rudiments of the shooter's etiquette can be acquired at a school. It is when the sport is not of the straightforward kind that one learns to pick out from a company of guns those who are the good sportsmen. The amateur is then in difficulties: he does not know what is going to happen next or how he is to act. He can shoot up to the limits of his training; beyond them he is lost. When, at a pheasant-drive, birds come out low, he does not know when to shoot at them, when to leave them alone. If birds are slipping down through the air to a home wood from which they have been previously driven, gliding down at a difficult angle, a considerable speed, and with no perceptible movement of the wings, the amateur is beaten again, for no arrangement of the pigeon-traps can give quite the same flight to the clay disc. When you see that the man who has been killing his straight-overhead birds with ease is being beaten altogether by the drooping, home-coming bird, it is not unreasonable to assume that he is a well-trained amateur.



FAMOUS CARTOONIST AND SPORTSMAN: MR. LINLEY SAM BOURNE, OF "PUNCH."
Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

he cannot depend on a ready-made gun, however expensive, any more than he can depend on a ready-made suit. To-day he may buy a pair of second-hand guns with perfect confidence if they are the work of a good maker, but he is prompt to have them fitted to him, and with a weapon that comes quickly and properly to the shoulder, and has the proper "cast off," he is at once on terms with his quarry. Then he finds that the best-fitting gun in the world will not enable him to kill driven birds; there is a knack that must be taught. He watches other men, and sees their guns following a bird, moving with it; he tries to imitate them, with the result that he is nearly always behind his mark, because even when he has acquired the initial swing he is apt to check it at the moment of pulling the trigger, and the bird above does not make any allowance for that. The little toss of the gun that brings down the high-flier that has passed straight overhead is also beyond him. So he goes to one of the many grounds in outlying London where the young idea is taught to shoot, and, after a dozen lessons, he can hit his clay pigeons coming hard at him, after the fashion of driven grouse or partridge, and smash them to smithereens within twenty yards of the high tower from which they are discharged, in imitation of the flight of pheasants. These lessons are expensive, though not unreasonably dear: the price for a dozen will probably be as many sovereigns, without tips and extras; but an instructor and a loader are required on every occasion, and one hundred cartridges are supplied. The lesson learnt, the tyro can, if he be careful, considerate, and steady, acquit himself with credit when he goes shooting, and inspire no alarm in the manly breasts of those who would rather face a raging bull than a man whose loaded gun is seen to be

The Shooting-Ground.

To begin with, even the tyro has learned that

he cannot depend on a ready-made gun, however expensive, any more than he can depend on a ready-made suit. To-day he may buy a pair of second-hand guns with perfect confidence if they are the work of a good maker, but he is prompt to have them fitted to him, and with a weapon that comes quickly and properly to the shoulder, and has the proper "cast off," he is at once on terms with his quarry. Then he finds that the best-fitting gun in the world will not enable him to kill driven birds; there is a knack that must be taught. He watches other men, and sees their guns following a bird, moving with it; he tries to imitate them, with the result that he is nearly always behind his mark, because even when he has acquired the initial swing he is apt to check it at the moment of pulling the trigger, and the bird above does not make any allowance for that. The little toss of the gun that brings down the high-flier that has passed straight overhead is also beyond him. So he goes to one of the many grounds in outlying London where the young idea is taught to shoot, and, after a dozen lessons, he can hit his clay pigeons coming hard at him, after the fashion of driven grouse or partridge, and smash them to smithereens within twenty yards of the high tower from which they are discharged, in imitation of the flight of pheasants. These lessons are expensive, though not unreasonably dear: the price for a dozen will probably be as many sovereigns, without tips and extras; but an instructor and a loader are required on every occasion, and one hundred cartridges are supplied. The lesson learnt, the tyro can, if he be careful, considerate, and steady, acquit himself with credit when he goes shooting, and inspire no alarm in the manly breasts of those who would rather face a raging bull than a man whose loaded gun is seen to be



THE ONLY PAIR OF BISON SO TRAINED: AMERICAN BUFFALOES BROKEN TO HARNESS.

The buffaloes belong to a Mr. Dairs, who gave twelve months to breaking them to harness.
Photograph by Fleet Agency.

similar fashion it should be possible to enable the beginner to face well-nigh every condition that actual sport in this country is likely to furnish.

MARK OVER.



A RELIC OF THE BODY-SNATCHING DAYS: A SENTRY-BOX IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH-YARD, WANSTEAD.

The sentry-box was erected in the days of the body-snatchers, that shelter might be provided for a watchman whose duty it was to see that bodies were not removed from the churchyard by "snatchers." As is generally known, bodies were much in demand at that time by doctors who wished to obtain them for dissecting purposes.—[Photograph by A. L. Facey.]

In Rides and Bracken.

It is among the rabbits that the amateur is dangerous. In the clear rides, which bunny crosses at express speed, among the bracken, where he is seen for some small part of a second, I have seen the amateur cut a very unpopular figure, though he could kill high birds cleanly. On marshy land, among the elusive snipe, in a spinney where the artful woodcock is flushed and guns are sometimes heard to speak at once, the amateur is a danger to his fellow-men, unless he be heroic enough to become a mere spectator. Experience suggests that the sporting-grounds should enlarge their sphere of operations. Some descendant of the lamented Mr. Turveydrop should teach deportment, and a slight rearrangement of the ground, or part of it, would enable the clay-pigeon or mechanical running-rabbit to pass along a line marked by figures or posts that must never be touched by shot, in whose direction no gun may be pointed. In this or some



By HENRY LEACH.

Golfers at the Polls.

Your truly enthusiastic golfer sometimes falls into the habit—especially in his early days—of considering everything, even the most sacred things, golfwise, as you might say. He will tell you that, having regard to the run-you would get on the ball, it is hardly more than a creak-shot from *The Sketch* offices to the entrance to the Law Courts, that he is already four down in his attendances at church this year, and so on *ad nauseam*. Thus, when a compartment full of us were travelling down to a course thirty miles out the other morning, the brother in the corner seat opposite chuckled out "That's good; William Pearce has got in for Limehouse, after all. Doesn't play a bad game—considering." As a matter of fact, the handicap of Mr. William Pearce, M.P., is about fourteen, although just before the election, when I saw it in operation against me, it showed signs of dropping. He is a very keen player, who runs a house at Deal for the sake of the golf; and he is ex-captain of one of the six "championship" clubs. I am glad he got back to Parliament, because I think I have his sympathy in the matter of the Fewer Bunkers and Shorter Holes party that I am organising. He believes in it—that this bunkering of courses and lengthening of them, and the abolishing of all the interesting short holes just because they are "blind," is being overdone. Some of this was in our brother's mind when he uttered his satisfaction.

Won Their Matches.

Regarding him only for the moment as a player of the game, we are glad to see Mr. Marshall Hall back again in the House. He is not yet a scratch man, but his heart is in the game. At a public meeting once a busybody asked him if he played golf on the seventh day, and he said he did. "Don't you think it is wicked?" the man asked, and counsel answered in the negative, and then in turn inquired, "If you were ill would you take medicine on a Sunday?" The reply was, of course, "Yes," and then Mr. Marshall Hall observed, "Golf is my medicine," adding that he would hardly be able to get through his work during the week if it were not for the fresh air he got on the links at other times. Golf has its own domestic politics, and, unless he has recanted, this new M.P. must surely belong to the Free Club party as against the Standardisers in the greatest question of this or any other period in golf history. The Standardisers are dead against what they call freak clubs, and their agitation has been aroused through the use of what are called mallet-headed putters—things shaped just like small croquet-mallets, and used on the putting-green in the same way. Now Mr. Marshall Hall was one of the very first to use such

a club, and when I myself saw him using it down at Sandwich some years ago, and questioned him about it, he said that he had invented it, and thought it a splendid idea. He certainly putted wonderfully well with it that day. Then we were glad as golfers to see Dr. Macnamara back again for Camberwell, because he is very keen. He was asked once to make a return of his favourite courses, and he gave a list which seemed to include a large proportion of those in Britain. The only things I have against him are that in the summer-time he will play in his shirt-sleeves, like the Americans do, and that he used to give, if he does

not still give, his adherence to the steel-faced drivers. That is wrong. A man loses a large part of the pleasure of his wooden-club shots when he has metal on the face of the club. I was satisfied, also, to see my friend, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, in at last for Stockport. From the golfing point of view, he is absolutely unique. He is the only man in the world who understands the game, rejoices in watching it, knows all about the players, and goes away with week end golfing-parties, and yet has never played it in his life—except once in a suburban drawing-room.

An Innovator. We have had our eyes on Mr. Winston Churchill, who is as yet only a beginner, and does not understand things as well as he will do later on. He was playing on the famous Carnoustie course, near Dundee, the other day, and invented a new form of the game, which no sound golfer is ever supposed to do, the old form being good enough for all. He played in a foursome with a professional as his partner, and, instead of playing turn and turn about, in the proper and legal manner, he played the nice and easy shots himself, and simply turned on the professional when

there was trouble. Of all the men who have been, or are, before the constituencies, I think Mr. H. W., or "Harry," Forster must be the best golfer, and he is sound in every way. During the greater part of last summer he was playing almost up to amateur championship standard, and won good prizes at Sandwich. Of the greater celebrities, Mr. Lloyd-George does not play so well as he speaks, although his golf is much talked about in these days. His style is faulty, and he has a weakness for trying to play in a heavy white sweater, which cannot be done. When Mr. Balfour first played at St. Andrews an old lady, who was a great political admirer of Mr. Asquith, went out to watch him; and, seeing him top his tee-shot at the eighteenth, shook her head disdainfully, and said: "Asquith at his worst was a deal better than that." But I feel sure that Mr. Balfour could beat Mr. Asquith now, even if he could not then.



THE UNCROWNED KING OF THE CANNES GOLF CLUB: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

The Grand Duke is President of the Cannes Golf Club, and when on the course is the observed of all observers.—[Photograph by Whiteway.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Last Day for Licenses, Jan. 31.

In the matter of motor-car and other licenses, I find I was slightly in error in advising my readers that these permits must be taken out and the various fees paid on or before Jan. 21. This is not so—there is yet a grace of ten days, the very last day being the thirty-first of the present month. I understand that quite large sums of money are finding their way into the coffers of those counties vouchsafed as friendly by the Autocar League, and that the Clerks of such Councils are correspondingly pleased. It is the reward of virtue, of adherence to that spirit of all-round justice and fair-play

“vetted” periodically—preferably, as I say, by the makers, but certainly by a motor-repairing firm of whom the makers approve.

Necessity for Scottish Trials.

By the clause which, it is said, the Society of Motor-Manufacturers and Traders propose to include in their bond, by which the Society seek to obtain some control over trials and competitions, I think they would be wise to regard the annual Reliability Trials which have been promoted with so much success for some years past by the Scottish Automobile Club as quite outside the scheme of operations. The results of the event of last year pointed most clearly to the fact that the moment to cease such a trial as this had not by any means arrived, and that the purchasing public look confidently forward to trials yet to come. Objectors will be found only amongst the weak-kneed manufacturers; and to the younger firms in the business, those who have yet their spurs to win, the Scottish Trials afford a meed of advertisement unequalled by any other event held, or likely to be held, in the United Kingdom. Whatever may be said of other organisations and the contests promoted by them, the maker entering a car or cars for the Scottish Trial may rest assured that he will receive rigidly fair treatment from an executive who thoroughly understand their business. The Scottish Trials are still a necessity to the British automobile world.

Unimpeachable Speedometers.

Whatever view certain Benches of Magistrates may take of speedometers, it was quite clear from the attitude of the Surrey police at a recent appeal to the Kingston Quarter Sessions that in the calmer atmosphere of the upper court they would not venture to call into question the accuracy of one of Smith's Perfect Speed Indicators. In the court below they had made all sorts of allegations against the



THE UMBRELLA CAB: A DEVICE THAT OPENS OUT WHEN THE DOOR IS OPENED AND PROTECTS THE PASSENGER FROM THE RAIN.

Realising that the ordinary umbrella does not sufficiently shield the passenger entering or alighting from a motor-car, an inventor proposes that closed motor-cars, and cabs in particular, shall be fitted with mechanical awnings (one over each door), which open automatically as the doors are opened. The photograph shows the device in use.

Photograph by Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz.

that one had imagined obtained pretty generally in this country until the advent of the motor-car showed how far certain sections of the Great Unpaid could stretch their prejudices. The law, and the method in which it is administered by amateur tribunals, have left motorists but little to hit back with. There exists, however, this particular opportunity of placing certain sums of money to the benefit of areas where common-sense and fairness reign, and it is hoped that motorists will lose no opportunity of so marking their appreciation of such rational treatment.

Periodical “Vettings.”

Cars run so satisfactorily and so continuously without mishap or stop to-day that they are liable to be overtaxed by the owner, or paid driver, when the latter is more of a driver than a mechanic. No modern car should require anything doing, save by reason of accident, under seven to eight thousand miles; but after the completion of, say, five to six thousand miles, the car should be gone over and driven by an expert, preferably one in the employ of the actual makers of the car, to make quite certain that the car would not be better for a little attention. The average owner is not quick to detect play, which is hardly wear, in the connecting-rod or crank-shaft bearings, or in the gear-box and back-axle bearings. The slightest deviation from the normal and desirable in these parts is at once obvious to the man who knows the car, and such work as he would then recommend would frequently put thousands of miles on to the total mileage, and save much heavier repair-bills later on. It is quite a sound proposition to have one's car



“WIRELESS” FOR A DIRIGIBLE: THE WIRELESS-TELEGRAPHY CABIN AND THE MOTOR OF THE AIR-SHIP “BELGICA.”

Photograph by Branger.

veracity of the instrument, asserting that it could be tampered with, that the flexible drive had backlash and could not be relied upon, etc. But at Quarter Sessions, in the face of a mass of expert evidence they found arrayed against them, they evidently came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour, and by the mouth of their learned counsel announced that they did not intend to impeach the accuracy of Smith's speedometers in one jot or tittle.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Handicaps. In a day or two the weights for the Spring Handicaps will be public property. Then the followers of form will get to work to try and find the winners. Already betting has taken place over the Lincoln Handicap.



A RECORD OF GREAT CATCHES: THE MEDAL AND CLASP OF THE TUNA CLUB, OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Each year is added a clasp bearing the name of the angler who caught the record tuna of the year and the weight of the fish. The club was founded by Dr. Charles Frederick Holder, whose name is seen on the first clasp. For some years past the "leaping tuna" has not been caught off the Californian coast.

Photograph by Inkersley.

As his Majesty is to be present to see the race run, Flaxman may be expected.

Temperance. Recently the publicans in the North of England attributed the falling-off in their trade to the popularity of football. Men preferred to spend their sixpences on football to buying beer. It is a fact that sport all round has been a great temperance force in this country of late years. I have seen but one case of drunkenness on a racecourse during the last three years, and I am very glad to be able to add that bad language is now seldom heard in the rings or enclosures. Men no longer drink whisky whether they win or whether they lose, as was the case in the old days. As one of the early agitators for the providing of tea on our racecourses, it is pleasant to myself to see the numbers of sportsmen who daily indulge in the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate. Here I would drop a useful hint to managers of race-meetings. It is to see that the tea served at all meetings is of the best possible quality, and that boiled leaves are barred. Further, the fruit-supply should be varied and of the best quality, for men have discovered that, if it is not possible to find winners on tea and grapes, it is useless to fly to whisky. The great aim of those people who run racecourses should be to keep their patrons in good health and good form all the time. A professional backer who knows all

about it leaves betting alone when he is off colour, and this proves that a man has to be in the best of health if he is to fight a successful battle against the ring.

Jockeys. If the Earl of Derby's horses are in anything like form Frank Wootton may head the list of winning jockeys in 1910; but it must be borne in mind that Wootton will have to ride the bad horses as well as the good ones owned by Lord Derby, and he will not be free to accept mounts when the Hon. George Lambton has horses engaged in any race. Wootton will have little or no difficulty in keeping his weight down for many years to come, while it will be remembered that he is one of the few light-weights who can ride well while carrying lead in the saddle. Maher may not do so much riding this year as he did last, and he does not intend to waste. I do not blame him, as he is rich and can afford to take things easily. Many people are surprised that he should have chosen the mount on Neil Gow for the Derby, and the market seems to say that Lord Rosebery's colt is to be beaten by Lemberg; but I think Maher knows what he is about, and it may be that he thinks Neil Gow could give the others a bit of a start and then win. Anyway, it would be a matter for gratification if the Lord of The Durdans were to win one more Derby, as he is very popular at Epsom, and, moreover, has been for years a staunch patron of racing. Stanley Wootton is very likely to get some good riding this



IN LUGEING CAPOTE: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS WITH A FAVOURITE DOG.

year, while Saxby should be a good jockey to follow. The brothers Griggs get plenty of mounts always, and their averages are good. Earl, who rides for the Kingsclere stable, is a good boy, while A. Escott is one of the best light-weights.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Electionitis. The high tension from which everyone interested in politics—and who is not at this juncture?—suffers just now is producing a nervous affection which may appropriately be called "Electionitis." The disease manifests itself in both parties in artificial high spirits, a disposition to bluff and

to exhibit an overweening confidence which they are far from feeling. Then, again, candidates, speakers, canvassers, and workers all show a restlessness which is highly disquieting; no one can sit still for a moment; meals are snatched, standing, at the most extraordinary hours; and sleep is regarded as an effeminate luxury. The persons with a well-marked attack of Electionitis smile mechanically and murmur the shibboleths of the party at people whom it is quite unnecessary to impress; in short, they have become automatic machines for furthering the cause, and if you playfully placed a penny down their collars, they would exclaim, "Free food for the people!" or "A strong Navy and work for all!" But, to the observer of



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING GOWN OF WHITE SATIN TRIMMED WITH BLACK EMBROIDERY, WITH A BLACK-GAUZE SASH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

the Human Comedy, the spectacle of the "classes" wooing the "masses" is always a diverting one, and since Electionitis, though painful at the time, is a disease which can be cured, we need not be too concerned about the interesting sufferers.

Recipes for Manners.

Everybody, of course, has his own recipe for good manners; but perhaps the unaffected person is the one who most generally pleases. Now, it is so easy to be simple that it is wonderful how many worthy citizens go through untold mental contortions (and even physical ones) in order to impress the casual observer with their superiority. The Intellectual Snob is the worst offender in this respect, and the ways of these gentry are of the most complicated description. Apparently, too, not always does *noblesse oblige*, for Mr. Charles Stewart, in his delightful book "In the Evening," tells us that he knew a certain Prime Minister, a Peer of ancient lineage, who had no less than seven distinct shades of manner for the different kinds of individuals whom he came across. These "manners" were all different, and were carefully graduated, on principle, for the varying social positions of his interlocutors. These fine distinctions must have demanded a phenomenal memory and a capacity for mental gymnastics—say, at a Primrose League garden-party—little short of amazing. Probably he would have found it better—even for political purposes—to have been kindly, unaffected, and sincere all round. As a matter of fact, these condescensions, these foolish airs of patronage, have quite gone out during the last few years, and the noble Premier, were he alive now, would find himself in a democratic world where his very private secretary would banter him, and the men who supplied his party with the sinews of war would probably slap him on the back.

That Horrid "Schadenfreude."

That expressive German word *Schadenfreude* has no counterpart in any other European language, and a recent German essayist has boldly declared that the state of mind which produces joy in other people's sorrows is essentially characteristic of the Fatherland. A foreigner, of course, is no judge of these niceties; but that a people so naturally genial as the Germans—apart from the Prussians—should habitually indulge in so unamiable a vice is a little disconcerting to those who like and admire them. The same essayist, Herr Curt Wigand, further accuses his countrymen of lack of any real culture—that is, in the sense of knowing "how to live." Learning and scientific training they have to a high degree, but their coarseness towards women and the extraordinary popularity of the anonymous letter as a means of revenge point, he declares, to a lower level of civilisation than that of France, England, and America. It is, of course, to the women of Germany that the real task of refining and civilising the German man must fall, and as long as the German woman remains in the subordinate position in the family so amusingly described by the author of "The Caravaners," so long will the Teuton be an overbearing specimen of humanity. Pity and sympathy are feminine qualities in all lands, and the horrid *Schadenfreude* is certainly not a prominent trait in the German woman. Let her see to it that she eradicates this unpleasant national characteristic from her menfolk.

The Primrose Path to Knowledge.

In a recent symposium on Reading, Mr. Arnold Bennett writes not only divertingly, but wisely, on the fear of knowledge. The average trivial reader, we all know, looks upon a book—unless it be some work of fiction—as a thing to be feared and shunned. Yet the victim of the novel habit is always complaining of the dullness, tediousness, and artificiality of this mental debauch. He makes (or rather, she, for the large majority of novel-readers are of the feminine sex) no serious effort to change the eternal dish of romance for food more stimulating. Frankly, the novel-maniac is afraid of being "instructed." Mr. Arnold Bennett would boldly tackle this votary of sentimentality, and tell her that, by avoiding knowledge, she is "missing all the fun." She must read solid literature for an hour a day for a month, and "then see whether fear has not given place to a deadly fascination." The advice is admirable and quite disinterested, coming from so admirable a novelist as the author of "An Old Wives' Tale."



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-COSTUME IN RED-CURRENT-COLOURED CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH BRAID, IN EMPIRE STYLE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Coming Courts.

The pre-Easter Courts will soon be announced. The first is likely to be on Feb. 24 or 25, and the second on March 4 or 5—one day, in each case, earlier than last year. As a rule, Friday evening is chosen; but the King holds one always on Thursday, so that orthodox Jews may attend without interference with their Sabbath. The first Court is diplomatic and official always. Not only Ambassadors and Ministers attend, but the entire personnel of every Embassy and Legation. There are a number of brides awaiting presentation, among them Viscountess Bury, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lady Beatrice Kerr Clerk, Lady Alice Gore-Langton, Lady Dorothy Wood, Hon. Mrs. Michael Hicks-Beach, Lady Maude Hoare, Viscountess Grimston, Mrs. Guy Nevill, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Greville, Lady Helen Mitford, Hon. Mrs. E. H. Packe, and many more. Of débutantes, the more important will include Lady Mabel Ogilvy, youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Countess of Airlie; Lady Diana Manners, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; Lady Moyra Osborne, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds; Lady Kathleen Hastings, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon's eldest daughter, who long ago made her début as playwright and amateur actress; Lord and Lady Brassey's daughter, Lord and Lady Colebrooke's younger daughter, and Lady Victoria Pery, the Earl and Countess of Limerick's daughter.

Art in Ornament. The bad old days in England when ornament was simply ostentation have passed. Now, the Koh-i-Noor or the Cullinan would command great admiration alone. Even in the case of these superb stones art has been called in to get the best results from them. That there is a marked revival in the beautiful arts of the lapidary and the jeweller we owe largely to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, who have carried off such high honours at home and abroad for their work. The heart-shaped pendant illustrated is of magnificent diamonds, so disposed as to get the best effect from each stone, and still to produce an harmonious and strictly artistic design. The circular pendant is the latest thing in fashion, and for design and fine workmanship it is a marvel. It is the very finest setting of small and large first-water diamonds in platinum, the introduction of classical design marking it as of the moment. Tiaras, too, are exquisite in feeling and character, so different from the fenders of the early and mid-Victorian era. The Company not only give the best value in jewels purchased from them, but the finest designs are furnished by them for resetting. Almost all old family jewels have to be reset to hold their own with the things of beauty created by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company from day to day.

For Out of Doors and In. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a walking-costume in red-currant-coloured cloth, trimmed rather in Empire style, with black and metallic-tinted red braid. The newest Paris fashion dictates that the ornaments shall be large and worn right in front of the waistband. An evening gown of white soft satin is illustrated on the same page. It is trimmed with black embroidery, and has a black gauze sash across the left shoulder. These white-and-black effects are to be much in evidence.

To Dance or Not to Dance. Will the girls who desire to dance have to emulate Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson and do it on the stage? There are hardly any dances in town. Many have been cancelled in the country, and few are announced anywhere. Quite a number of young dancing-men have been converted into members of Parliament, which, in view of a strenuous session, is no light matter. Nothing makes up to girls for dancing, so they are feeling rather doleful just now. However, the prospects are brightening. The elections over, plans for the future are made, and we hope many of these include dances. As they are regarded as physical exercise necessary to ensure health, Lent

places no embargo on them. Of course no well-regulated hostess advertises her dances during the penitential season or gives them on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday. Otherwise, Lent dancing is considered particularly enjoyable.

Suggestive Scents.

There is no reminder of past pleasures like music and scent. Perfume can subtly convey many things. The celebrated Parisian house of Guerlain, in the Rue de la Paix, has an extract of the most delicious odour, named after that wonderful street, that somehow recalls the brightness and joy of La Ville Lumière. The scents of this house are most excellent. They are put up without undue ornament or expense. The purchaser has all the value in the delicate, refined, and haunting perfume. From first to last the scents are fresh and beautiful, many of them, such as "Jardin de Mon Curé," "Jicky," and "Après l'Ondée," are doubtless well known to my readers. If not, I recommend them as pleasantest of acquaintances, likely to become life-long friends.

Not Long-Priced, but Lovely.

Every woman loves jewels; not every woman could afford to have them in perfect taste and latest style but for the Parisian Diamond Company. It is no exaggeration to say that, from the greatest to the least lady in the land, all know and all wear these lovely jewels. I saw a round pendant the other day of diamonds set in platinum, as delicate and dainty as lace, with one large pearl in the centre to give a balance to the whole. Also I admired a floral diamond hair-slide, a sautoir of black moiré with three little beautifully designed diamond slides, a collar of a lattice-work of diamonds, a Louis XVI. plaque, and other jewels in perfect taste and in the very van of fashion.



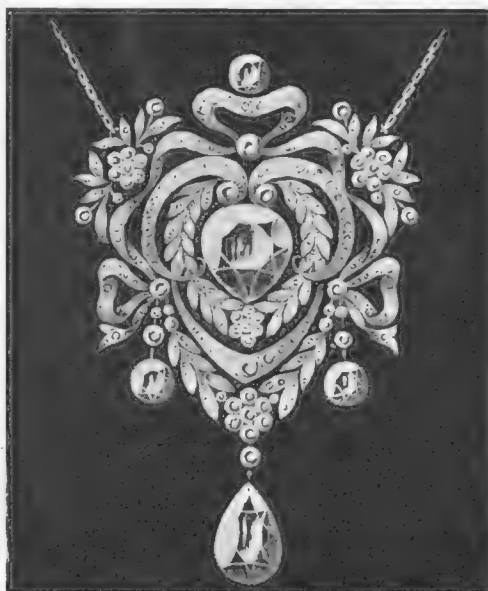
A NEW STYLE OF PENDANT SET
ENTIRELY IN PLATINUM.
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

The Hon. Walter Rice gained his seat at Brighton just in time to make glad the seventy-fourth birthday of his father, Lord Dynevor. Lord Dynevor is one of those fortunate men who has only to think of the age of his family to feel quite young. It is said that his ancestor was the White King in the Arthurian legend, and there is no doubt that Dynevor Castle does in part belong to the tenth century.

There is still a chance of seeing "Pinkie and the Fairies" this winter! By arrangement with Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, that popular fairy play, which ended its second season at His Majesty's on Saturday night, is being given at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate. The cast includes Miss Haidée Gunn. The first performance was on Monday, and the run is to be for twelve nights, with matinées, both this week and next, on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mr. Arthur Playfair, happily recovered from his severe throat trouble, is back at the Prince of Wales's, playing away as well as ever in "The Little Damsel." Mr. Playfair is singing the praises of that remarkable remedy for coughs and colds and affections of the kind—Formamint, which has certainly worked wonders in his case. Many members of the theatrical and legal professions swear by the invention.

Turkish Régie cigarettes are so well known that all smokers will be interested to learn, if they do not know already, what precisely the title Régie implies. The company called La Régie des Tabacs de l'Empire Ottoman, as its price-list tells, was established at Constantinople in 1883, by special charter, and has a monopoly in the cultivation and sale of Turkish tobacco and the manufacture of cigarettes, for which it pays a yearly sum to the Ottoman Government. No foreign-grown tobacco may be imported into Turkey. The Régie is even authorised to employ police, both on land and water, to prevent smuggling. No other cigarettes but those of the Régie are made in Turkey; and the brand "Régie Ottomane," with the imperial arms on every cigarette and box, gives a guarantee of genuine hand-made Turkish cigarettes. The West-End depot of the Régie in London is at 83, Piccadilly, and it also has premises at 152 to 158, Wardour Street, W.



AN ORNAMENT SUITABLE FOR A PENDANT,
BROOCH, OR NECKLACE, WITH A HEART-SHAPED
DIAMOND IN THE CENTRE, AND A DROP-SHAPED
DIAMOND BELOW.
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"POLITICS? I'm sick and tired of the whole dirty game," explained The Broker. "One side is every bit as bad as the other—"

"If not worse," added The Jobber.

"—and a more violently unfair campaign I never remember. Principle sacrificed to personality—"

"Principle sacrificed to interest—self-interest, I mean," The Jobber told him. "But the Stock Exchange—"

The City Editor laughed scornfully. "What are the ingredients," he asked, "of the Stock Exchange political arguments?"

"Trying to be funny, as well as beautiful?" inquired The Jobber.

"Let me tell you. First of all, take several pounds of hatred against Socialism, season it with the hottest prejudice against Lloyd-George, stir it up with the wooden spoon of tradition, and serve while boiling as Stock Exchange Tariff Reform."

"You seem to have omitted the Budget, the Navy, and the House of Lords," remarked The Engineer blandly. "Don't they come in anywhere?"

"Certainly," laughed The City Editor, "one is the cayenne, the other's German mustard, and the third is the salt to savour the whole mess. I—"

"So do I," interrupted The Merchant. "Not that it's any business of mine, but we are all thankful there is a chance of matters settling down now."

"And what about prices?" demanded The Broker. "We shall have 'em all flat, with a Liberal Government in power and not a stroke of business—"

The Engineer stroked his friend's coat-sleeve. "Don't you worry yourself, old son. Everyone told us last spring that the Budget would ruin Stock Exchange business, and, lo! you had a rattling good year."

"That's because we all knew the Lords would throw out the Budget," was the swift retort, provoking a general laugh. "Besides, what's the blessed Budget got to do with Rubber, and West Africans, and Globes, and Yankees, and—?"

"Then the Stock Exchange isn't so dependent upon politics, after all!" crowed The Engineer.

"What rubber shares ought we to buy?" said The Broker, leaning over to The Merchant.

"To put away, you mean? Well, my fancies are Merlimau at 2s. 3d., Chersonese at 3s., and Johore Rubber Lands at 5s. premium, ten shillings paid."

"I hear great things of Sapumalkande," observed The Solicitor. "And they tell me this new Malayalam is an awfully good affair."

"A man in Mincing Lane told me to have some Lumuts," The Jobber repeated. "I rather bar the high-priced things, but these little shares do appeal to me, that's a fact."

"The five hundred Jequié I bought on a certain newspaper tip gave me fifty per cent. net profit last week," said the Broker.

"Greedy beggar!" The Jobber reproached him. "By the way, there's a tip going round to buy Venture Corporations about two-and-six. The Company brought out the Jequié and the West Jequié, and its shares are nominally four shillings, fully paid."

"Did you follow it?"

"That's a leading question, Sir. 'Smattero'fact, I put in a few pounds that I could afford to lose, and that's the only way to look at it if you go in for Ventures. You get a lot of shares for a little cash, but you've to be prepared to lose it. See?"

The others said they saw.

"Wish I could see my way in West Africans," lamented The Engineer. "All my pals out there write that the country is opening up splendidly, and telling me not to buy shares at too extravagant premiums. There's nice sort of advice for you!"

"The West African Mines," read The Engineer from a letter, "are expected to become the Rand Mines of the Jungle. Now, Rand Mines were put on the market at 5, and went to 50. Therefore—"

"I like that 'therefore,'" scoffed The Jobber. "What awful rot!"

"My dear old chap, the insiders have most of the shares, so they can do what they jolly well please with the shares. They may put them to 50 before they elect to get out—"

"Then all I can say is that I must go first," said The Jobber, suiting the action to the word. "Good-morning, gentlemen!"

THREE TRUST COMPANIES.

The following note by our correspondent "Q" deals with three Trust Companies of whose stocks he has often spoken before, and will be of interest to those readers—not a few—who upon his recommendation are now holders of the securities, no less than to those who are looking for an outlet for their capital, in which reasonable safety and a prospect of improvement in value may not unreasonably be expected—

Three of the Financial Trust Companies whose Deferred stocks have been from time to time recommended as investments in this column have issued their

reports for the past year within the last few days, and these are, as usual, eminently satisfactory. The *Metropolitan Trust Company* announces a final dividend of 5½ per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year, against 9 per cent. for the previous year. The net profit from sale of securities is no less than £73,534, which has been carried to Reserve; raising the Reserve Fund to £235,000. This Company, like the Investment Trust Corporation, does not publish a list of its holdings, but far the greater part of its capital is invested in American Railroad Bonds. A valuation of the investments made by the Directors, on principles approved by the Auditors, on Jan. 1, 1910, shows a value of over £220 per £100 Ordinary stock, after allowing for the Debenture and Preference stocks and outstanding dividend. In other words, the market value of the Ordinary stock is 180, cum dividend of £5 10s., and the break-up value of the same stock is 220, ex div. The difference is obviously absurd. The *River Plate and General Investment Trust Company* has declared a final dividend of 5 per cent. on the Deferred stock, making 8 per cent. for the year, as compared with 7½ per cent. for 1908. Writing of this Company in your issue of Feb. 17, 1909, I pointed out that there was too wide a gap between the break-up value of 153 and the market quotation of 123, and added "the dividend for the current year is likely to be 8 per cent." Since then, the quotation for the Deferred stock has advanced to its present price of 140, but the valuation of the Company's assets has also increased considerably. The auditors report that "a valuation of the Company's investments on Dec. 31, 1909, shows a total of £939,566 4s. 6d." Deducting the par value of the Debenture and Preferred Stocks, this represents a break-up value of 176 ex-div. for the Deferred stock. Again, there is far too wide a margin between actual and market valuations, and there is room for a further considerable appreciation in the market price of this stock.

The *Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Company* is paying a final dividend and bonus of 4½ per cent., making a total distribution of 7 per cent. for the year, which has been the rate paid since 1905. There has not been the same scope for expansion in the rate of dividend paid on the Deferred stock of this Company as there has been in the case of many other Trust Companies, owing to the fact that no Debenture stock has ever been created. Had this been done no doubt a much higher rate of dividend could have been earned for the Deferred stockholders, but the Preferred stockholders would probably have made objections. After paying 7 per cent. for the year the carry-forward is increased by about £3500 to £22,004. It seems probable that within the next few years the dividend may be raised to 7½ per cent. The Reserve Fund now amounts to £632,728, and, as I have before mentioned, the Company's list of investments is quite the best of all the Trust Companies.

P.S.—Among Rubber shares, your readers cannot do better than buy and hold for dividends, and a big appreciation in capital value, any of the following—*Bukit-Rajah, Consolidated Malay, Federated Selangor, and Langkat Sumatra.*

PORTO ALEGRE 5 PER CENT. BONDS.

In an answer to a correspondent who wanted a very safe security, we said we did not recommend these bonds, and have been asked by the issuing house to say a word about them. It was far from our intention to condemn the issue, which as a foreign municipal security is quite a fair risk. The town of Porto Alegre is the capital of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, its population is supposed to be about 100,000, while the issue is £600,000, and guaranteed by the provincial Government. There is a special hypothecation for the loan of the house-tax, said to have produced £50,680 in 1908. The bonds were issued at 93½ in June last, and can now be picked up for about 92, forming, of their class, a not unattractive purchase.

As a municipal debt, the amount seems to us heavy for the size of the town, while the guarantee is of the province only, and it was for these reasons that we did not recommend the purchase to our correspondent. The issue cannot be ranked on the same level as San Paulo Treasury bonds or Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. loan guaranteed by the Government of Brazil, but it pays nearly 5½ per cent., and there is room for capital appreciation. One great advantage the Porto Alegre bonds have; the principal and interest are payable either in London or Amsterdam.

Saturday, Jan. 22, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

JUGGINS.—The gold notes are a good speculative investment, and worth about 103. The Copper shares at 4s. are a gamble.

X. Y. Z.—The risk is, that if you lend money on security the price may drop and the borrower be unable to pay the difference; but the broker through whom you would lend would probably charge ½ per cent. and take the risk.

COL.—Communicate with N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, as to the premium bonds. The price is about 5 7-8.

ELECTOR.—See "Q's" note in this week's Issue.

W. B. M.—The concern calls itself by a high-sounding name; but the less you have to do with it, the better for you.

We are asked to state that the directors of John Knight, Ltd., have decided to recommend, at the meeting on Feb. 4, a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, including the interim dividend paid on July 16, on the Ordinary shares, and a dividend at the rate of 9½ per cent. on the Deferred shares.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick, Red Cloud may win the Surrey Steeplechase, Putchamin the Novices' Hurdle, and Cipango the Wickham Hurdle; Greater should win the Throckmorton Hurdle, and Lucifer the Horleyland Hurdle. At Kempton, I like these: Middlesex Hurdle, Mago Pico; Littleton Steeplechase, The Pilot; Kempton Hurdle, Oilskin; Egham Hurdle, See See; Kempton Steeplechase, The Whelp. At Windsor these should go close: Rays Hurdle, Goldwin; Borough Steeplechase, Jack; Slough Hurdle, Maudy.

A POET'S SECRET.

LOVE-LETTERS AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

A GREY, mysterious-looking packet lay at the Bibliothèque Nationale until the other day. The aroma of a poet's love romance lingered about the envelope. Within were the missives of Alfred de Musset; but who was the fair recipient? Only one man seemed to know, and he refused to say. Literary gossips wasted their time in vain speculation. Thirty years were to elapse before the packet was opened—that was the condition imposed, and faithfully it was kept. The period expired during this very month, and on the appointed day a grey-haired man (who had left the letters thirty years before) called and was given the packet. He opened it with trembling fingers, and letters, in ink turned brown, tumbled therefrom. The name of the recipient had been carefully erased, just as had been certain passages in the letters; but, somehow or other, the secret fell away with the outer covering of the letters. The woman who had inspired these delicate and poetic effusions was Aimée d'Alton.

More than sixty years ago—think of it!—when the poet was in his prime, he met a lovely young girl at a ball. She had an exquisite fair complexion set off by the blondest of blonde hair. He fell in love with her, and she with him. She belonged to an aristocratic family, and her father distinguished himself by siding with the popular side in the Revolution of '48. No shadow rested upon her reputation when she met the poet: she was pure as the lilies of the field. It was at the moment when Alfred had broken off his disastrous affair with George Sand. Biographers seem fond of painting the novelist very black and the poet white, or, at least, a neutral tint. But it is much more likely that the poet disgusted the lady than that the lady was a monster of vice. Anyway, Alfred and his George had parted, and Aimée appears on the scene. There are no words for his infatuation. He calls her his "little white sparrow," and he feels the influence of her youth and beauty.

Her freshness and gaiety were as balm to his wounded feelings after his encounter with George Sand. He drank as if at a cool fountain after a night's debauch. From a pleasant, soul-inspiring intercourse they drifted into the deep waters of a liaison. She returned his love with all the warmth of her nineteen summers, and was quite prepared to marry him. It was he who, in a pathetic letter which is amongst the bundle of correspondence, tells her that it cannot be, that he would drag her down with him. And so they were never married.

It was during that period that he did his best and most beautiful work. Aimée, with the expressive eyes and hair like burnished gold, directly inspired two of De Musset's poems. One of the sonnets is called "The Son of Titian," and the other "Beatrice Donato." When love was in its heyday, he wrote also his most charming light comedies, such as "Le Caprice." She was his good angel in everything. His letters show that she gave him good advice on the subject of drink and gambling.

But it could not last. Alfred was not to be tamed by any lily of the field. He fell again into his evil ways, from which she had momentarily rescued him. Back he went to his facile loves, leaving her neglected. Drink caught hold of him, and places where they threw dice and played with cards drew him into their net. He struggled for a time against his dreadful destiny, and then he seems to have yielded. Poor Aimée! The correspondence and the friendship were, however, kept up for some years. Alfred had strange drinking habits. He mixed beer with absinthe, or, at least, took them alternately. His favourite haunt, where he drank this fearful compound, was the Café de la Régence, hard by the Théâtre Français. It was at the Français that his plays, notably his delicious "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour" ("You don't play with love"), were produced.

The fate of Aimée d'Alton was most strange. After being the mistress of Alfred, she became the wife of Paul, though here again there was a certain probationary period. Paul was enormously attached to his brother, and after his death Aimée acted as the souvenir. Paul was wont to repair to her lodgings in the afternoon—to talk about the deceased poet. The conversation was so long and animated that it lasted until the following morning, for he was observed to be leaving with the milk or, it may have been, with the morning paper.

To the surprise of his contemporaries, and perhaps to their chagrin, Paul and Aimée became man and wife, when they were both past fifty. There was no other way in which they could satisfactorily talk of the poet. They seem to have been happy. Certainly Aimée had done well by Alfred, and attached herself firmly to the family. But she was a good soul, notwithstanding the irregularities of her affections. Luckily for her, Mrs. Grundy had no exact counterpart in France in '48 or thereabouts.

We should never have known what Alfred said to his "Pou-pette" had it not been for the lady's confidant and adviser, a friend of the poet's and the secretary to Ste. Beuve, the author of the famous "Causeries du Lundi." She was all for burning the letters, and he for preserving them for the nation. And to-day they have been unlocked and given to the world, so that now you know a poet's love-story.

ELECTIONS OLD AND NEW.

"Fiddlesticks, M.P." A candidate who has just fought—and lost—and who has been speaking all over England and Scotland, begs us to believe that a General Election is one of the humanising elements in our national system. "It brings classes and masses together in a way otherwise impossible," says this defeated optimist. "There's my friend Blank, who has just got a thumping majority for his old seat. He does not pretend to be any fonder of them than he really is, but they think the world of him. Question-time was a period of supreme joy at his meetings. He had a better way with hecklers than Rigby's. He answered them all, but as it pleased him. Most of them did not please him, and to each of these his answer invariably was—'As to *this* question, oh, fiddlesticks!' It answered superbly. They called him 'Fiddlesticks.' He rode on fiddlesticks to the poll, and Fiddlesticks he will be among his intimates in the new House." Many a man will read this note, wishing that instead of answering the thousand-and-one twisters put to him by multitudinous hecklers, he, too, had answered "fiddlesticks" like the other. One can be too urbane, too respectful.

"Larn Him to be a Toad." The lot of candidates becomes harder and harder, without doubt; peeps behind certain scenes at the present election have revealed men in the thick of the fight simply bordering on lunacy from nothing else but abominable overwork and mental strain. But, with all said and done, they are spared the indignity of the hustings, to which heroes and giants of old time were submitted. At the time of the John Stuart Mill Centenary the *Times* had from one of its veteran readers a little pen-picture of the philosopher as he saw him on the hustings in Covent Garden, with his wonderful head, his brow sloping back like a stretching upland, and his eager, intellectual face alive with nervous force. And there he stood, with those about him on the hustings who did not care to understand him, and those below in the street who could not understand him. Yet the crowd seemed more impressed by his words than by those on the hustings: they seemed to realise that they were weighty, though they could not quite know why. But our observer did not see all those hustings incidents. There came a man who carried a bag. "Who is this?" he asked, pointing to the philosopher. "John Stuart Mill," he was answered. "Oh, John Stuart Mill, is it?" he echoed. Then he took from his bag and threw straight at the head of the candidate—a dead cat!

Any Old Thing Will Do. The snow of the week-end came as a godsend to many a canvasser. It made soup-tickets, coupons for coal, the offers of blankets, and what not reasonable and seasonable, and the independent voter was left the unembarrassed recipient of that for which, without the snow, it might have been hard to account. They had more open ways when we were younger. "Make me a couple of trunks," said the late Edward Karlake, Q.C., when he was canvassing Colchester. "But I'm not a trunk-maker," answered the disappointed tradesman. "What are you then?" asked Karlake. "Oh, I'm an undertaker," was the reply. "Very well, then," said the candidate, "make me a coffin instead."

Where the Money Went. The present election has probably cost more money than any other of recent days. The tale of the party war-chests and the manner in which they are emptied would make a story as that of the national Secret Service fund. One story did come out when Mr. Middleton, the former Conservative agent, died. It seems that a member for a certain constituency went hurriedly to him, declaring that he was on the verge of bankruptcy—that he must commit suicide if money were not immediately forthcoming. To have had a bye-election at that time would have been bad for the party, and Middleton could but inquire the sum necessary to stave off the crisis. The amount was £12,000, and a generous member of the party—Sir John Blundell Maple, it is supposed—found the money. Middleton hurried away with it, but found the wife of the impecunious member in tears—there was another lady in the case. "I would sooner lose twenty seats than help your husband with a farthing," said the Conservative agent. Soon afterwards the member bolted with the other lady, and his disconsolate wife received a goodly portion of the sum which had been raised to save him. But it cost the party the seat.

Political Chivalry. The many three-cornered fights of the present election show that the old chivalrous feeling is dying out which once animated rivals. This spirit was charmingly displayed at Palmerston's last election at Tiverton. Owing to the system of voting, there was a danger of the veteran being beaten by "splits." He had no idea how matters were going, having as much confidence in his powers to win the election as in his power to lead the country. But at a certain point, the danger became imminent, and the Conservatives discovered it. What did they but send a confidential note, through their agent, round to Palmerston's committee-rooms to warn him of his danger!

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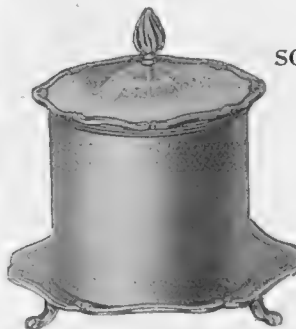
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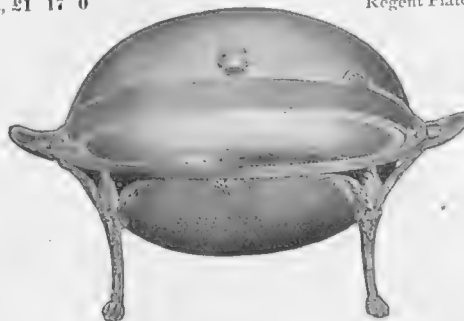
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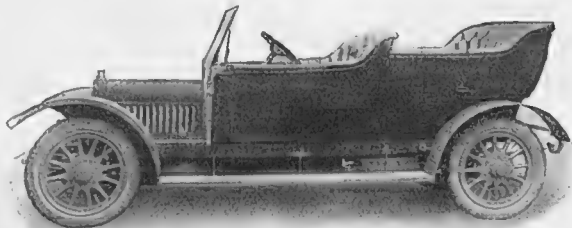
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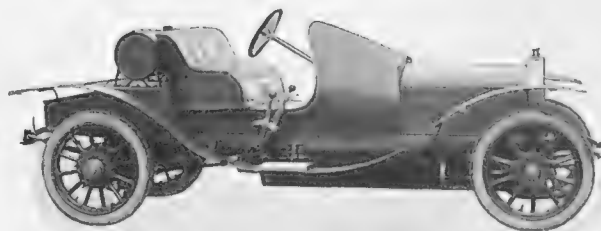
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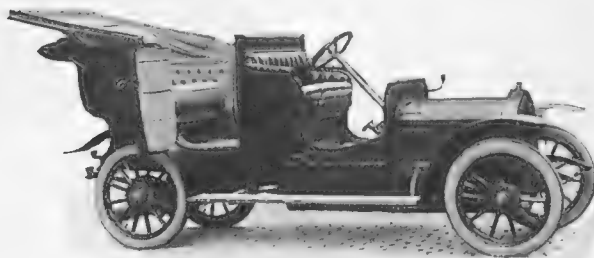
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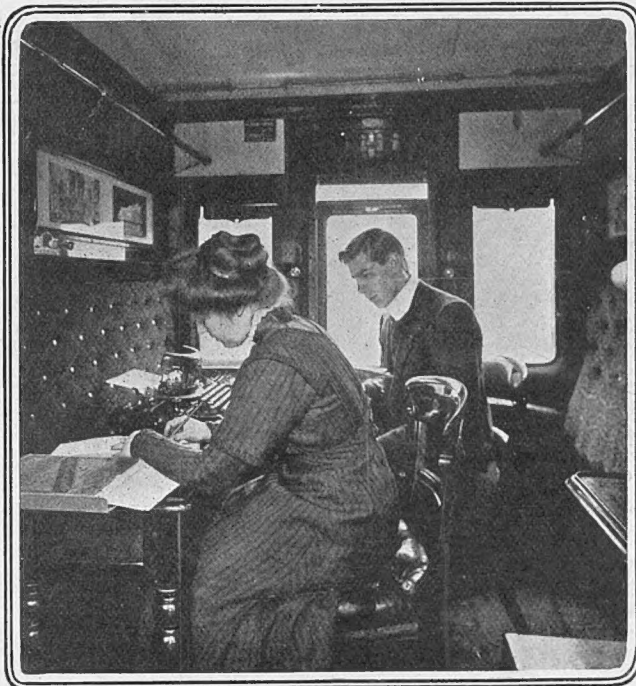
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NOVELS.

"The Quest." We want a villain who does not give himself away to the spectator by some sinister mannerism. It is no good his taking in the people in the story, if everybody outside it is perfectly well aware that he is at the bottom of all the mischief in it. This, at least, is our opinion, and it is the reason we found the mewling laugh and the cat-like mannerisms of Captain Stewart, in "The Quest" (Ward, Lock), to be blemishes on an otherwise excellent story. No honest man (in a novel) would mince and mew; and these eccentricities are, really, rather tiresome when one is only too anxious to be mystified by Mr. Justus Miles Forman, who writes about the heroic adventures of the modern youth so neatly. Thrilling events flow off the end of his pen with great facility, and his young men and maidens take a proper pleasure in falling in and out of love under the most romantic conditions. If Mr. Forman is a little hazy about British titles, he knows his superficial Paris well enough, and he is especially clever in reproducing it from the cosmopolitan point of view. "The Quest" does not, and probably would not profess to, dig to the roots of human nature any more than it explores the real tragical heart of France: it skims, but it skims with a delightful agility. It is a good, light novel—indeed, a very good one, and they are not as common as one might imagine. Mr. Hatherell's excellent drawings are inserted between the pages in such a haphazard fashion that too often they precede and disclose the incidents they are intended to illustrate, which is surely not as it should be.

"Open Country." Our foremost living novelists have each their theory of life, and express it through the medium of fiction. It is a kindly way that reaches the people, and brings the philosopher in touch with the man in the street without the latter suspecting he is being beguiled. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who once wrote richly coloured, mediæval romances, Bayeux Tapestries in print, arrives now among his own generation, a man with a message, or, if you prefer it, a prose poet with noble purposes behind the lilt of his song. "Open Country" (Macmillan) will rejoice the lovers of virile, masterful English, as well as enlighten those who, following John Senhouse's history, find food for reflection. It is a story of the triumph of the pure in heart, of the victory of the single spirit against overwhelming odds—a splendid story, full of the high courage of innocence. John Senhouse, as readers of "Halfway House" will not need to be told, was a wanderer up and down the wild woodland places of England, a man fortified by poverty, who praised his Maker from the tilt of a cart, planting flowers to His glory, and preaching by example the gospel of the world well lost. He met Sanchia Percival and worshipped her with an Elizabethan chivalry. She had, he wrote, her lofty mission in life, and it was to be an inspiration to lesser things, a worker in "a stuff more subtle than paint, more shining than Pheidias's ivory and gold; and I see the crowd before your masterpiece hushed and still. . . . It is an art so difficult that it's only one woman in a thousand can succeed in it. Charm, as with all arts, is at the bottom of it; I fear it must be owned, too, that persuasion is an essential." He had need of all his own self-taught philosophy by-and-by, when Sanchia, inspired by him, gave herself, in her gracious, pitying simplicity, to a less worthy lover. Senhouse, like the hero of "Sartor Resartus," drank deep of the bitter waters before he returned to serenity. Mr. Hewlett calls his romance "a comedy with a sting"—a sub-title that surely falls a little short of its subject. "Open Country" touches the sublimes—lightly, but it touches them.



DOING BUSINESS IN THE TRAIN: A PASSENGER DICTATING TO A SHORTHAND TYPIST IN AN L. AND N.-W. EXPRESS.

The London and North-Western have conceived the novel idea of providing shorthand-typists on their new expresses between London and Birmingham, for the benefit of passengers who wish to get through some correspondence en route. From February 1 two new expresses will run between Broad Street City Station, London, and New Street, Birmingham, besides the existing express service to and from Euston. This will enable business men from Birmingham to get a whole day in the City without changing.

Photograph by Bull, Austin, and Co.

The New 17-h.p.

Maudslay.

Visitors to the Edinburgh Show, which opens its doors on the 28th inst., should devote some time to the examination of the 17-h.p. Maudslay chassis, which will be found on Stand 16. If names go for anything, then the engineering productions of a firm styled as this one should ensure superlative engineering work, else the old-time fame and glory of Maudslay, Sons, and Field has been dissipated in thin air. This new 17-h.p. Maudslay will surely attract the ever-increasing cult of the medium-powered car, particularly when it is found that in design all the most essential features of the higher-powered Maudslays are contained

in this smaller brother. For instance, we have the cylinders cast in pairs and bolted together by large rectangular flanges, the outer ends of the end cylinders having similarly flanged covers, making an ample common water-jacket. Then this engine also presents the well-known and most eminently convenient Maudslay overhead valve-gear, in which the eight valves, working in separate cages, are set directly over the combustion-chambers, and are operated by an overhead cam-shaft, the bearings of which are hinged in such a way that cam-shaft and all can be thrown back clear of the valves, making the latter absolutely accessible. The rear live-axle is one of the strongest and most get-at-able designs on the market. The differential and bevel driving-gear can be dismounted in a few minutes. As a matter of fact, the 17-h.p. Maudslay fairly bristles with points.

Aviation Schools. Mr. Claude

Grahame-White, brother to the well-known motorist Mr. Montague Grahame-White, bids fair to become greater as an aviator than his brother as an expert on racing motor-cars and motor-boats. Mr. Claude Grahame-White has graduated at Pau, and has now returned to London to start aviation schools. For this purpose he has secured the use of a tract of ground near Hendon, where he hopes to open his first school in April next. The *Aero* speaks in very high terms of the suitability of this ground for the purpose, for when all the necessary clearing is performed a circuit of over two miles will be available in which to teach the young idea how to fly. It is also suggested that this area may well become the London alighting-ground for all aeroplane traffic coming south, and the taking-off spot for such traffic starting for the north. Mr. Claude Grahame-White has made several short flights at Brooklands, and has impressed the experts there with his skill and adroitness.

Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., the well-known soap-makers, of Silver-town, have an interesting scheme of profit-sharing with their employees, which has now been in operation for six years. At a recent meeting it was announced that, as the directors had decided to recommend a dividend of 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares and 9½ per cent. on the deferred shares, the whole of the employees entitled to a share of the profits would receive three weeks' extra wages; one third to be invested in the company, the remainder to be paid over after the general meeting on Feb. 4, together with the dividend of 8 per cent. upon the shares already held in trust for the employees.

Holiday travellers will be interested to learn that the Pacific Line of Royal Mail steamers now offer an eleven-day sea-trip to France, Spain, and Portugal for the low fare of £10. Hitherto these attractive tours have not been available by such large ocean-going liners. The Pacific ships sail under a royal charter granted in 1840, and are favourably known throughout the world.

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